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DANIEL DUNGLASS HOME.

BY BELLE BUSH.

THERE are marvels unseen at our very door,
There are richest hearts that the world calls poor,
There are lives so true and so dutiful
That men see not they are beautiful,—
There are lowly ones whom the proud despise,
And yet to watchers with angel eyes
They are heirs to wonderful destinies.

There are "still small voices" that greet the ear,
At times when no visible forms are near,
There are nameless sounds in the raindrops falling,
And silvery tones to the spirit calling;
There are visions of joy and of glad surprise
Through which to mortals with watchful eyes
Are revealed life's wonderful prophecies.

There are "echoes that come from a far-off shore,"
There are gleams of light from a noiseless oar
That tracking the sea of humanity
Is guiding the ship of our destiny,—

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D D Home

Engaged for Britain's Journal

There are numberless things in the earth and skies
That are signal-lights to the spirit's eyes
Revealing life's wonderful harmonies.

There are frail barks drifting away to sea
With no hand to point where the shoals may be,—
There are rosy lights through our windows streaming
When stars in the robes of night are gleaming,—
And odors of flowers 'neath wintry skies,—
All these to mortals with watchful eyes
Are revealing life's wonderful destinies.

There's the breath of a kiss on brow and cheek
When the lips that give them we vainly seek,—
There are depths of love we can ne'er express
By the tender touch or the fond caress,—
There are flashes of light in the sunset skies
That seem like the beaming of friendly eyes,—
All these are wonderful prophecies.

There are hearts that open like flowers in June,
There are some like harps that are kept in tune,
There are others that long with hate hath striven,
Yet on to its desolate shores are driven,—
All these, and the hearts that the proud despise
Are *sacred* to watchers with angel eyes
Who read life's wonderful harmonies.*

DANIEL DUNGLASS HOME, "one of the most remarkable mediums for spirit manifestations of a physical order" that the age has produced, was born near Edinburgh, Scotland, March 20, 1833. His father was a son of Alexander, tenth Earl of Home. His mother was gifted with what is called in Scotland the second sight, as were also her uncle, Mr. Mac-

* The foregoing lines but feebly express the thoughtful and reverent feelings with which I turn from the perusal of a work bearing the modest title of "Incidents in My Life," to the pleasing task of preparing for the readers of the JOURNAL a brief sketch of its author.

kenzie, and her great uncle, Colin Urquhart. It was doubtless from this source that he inherited the peculiar organization that rendered him subject to the strange phenomena which have attended him, and which commenced even before his remembrance. When he was about a year old he was adopted by an aunt with whom he lived till near his maturity.

He was very delicate as a child, and of a temperament so extremely nervous that serious doubts were entertained of his being reared, but, like some of the kings of whom we read in ancient history, he was favored, even in his infancy, by strange events and omens that seemed to portend a remarkable destiny. According to the testimony of his aunt and others, his cradle was frequently rocked by an invisible power, as if some kind guardian spirit was tending him in his slumbers. And why not? What is there so improbable in this thought of angel ministration, performed at the couch of slumbering innocence, that we may not accept it as the accredited solution of a mystery that is otherwise unexplained?

To the present writer there is something far more wonderful in the common-place fact that our spirits have the power to move our bodies, that we can at the will of an indwelling force go up and down stairs, eat, drink, labor, rest and sleep, and exhibit through physical organisms the still higher manifestations of an intelligent and orderly life. But, to return to the subject of our sketch. In his fourth year it is stated, again on the authority of his aunt, that he had a vision of the circumstances attending the passing away of a little cousin. He was then at Portobello, near Edinburgh, and she was at Linlithgow. His description of this event proved to be entirely correct.

In his ninth year Daniel was brought by his aunt and her husband to this country. Owing to his delicate health he was, he says, unable to join in the rude sports of other boys of his age, hence he was forced to spend his time in reading, or seek the companionship of his seniors. Being of a religious turn of mind, he early found enjoyment in devotional

exercises and in the study of the Scriptures. In this quiet manner the current of his life flowed on until his thirteenth year, when he was favored, he says, with the first vision he distinctly remembers. It occurred as follows: He had made the acquaintance of a boy who was possessed of an organization and a character somewhat similar to his own. They were in the habit of reading the Bible together, and on one occasion, in the month of April, they had been reading it in the woods, and were both silently contemplating the beauties of the springing vegetation, when his companion began relating a story he had recently been reading of a spirit's return to earth, and concluded by asking the boy Home if he thought the story could be true. He answered "that he did not know, but he had heard of strange things of that kind." They therefore agreed that whichever one of them should first be called from earth, would, if God permitted it, appear to the other the third day after. They then read another chapter and prayed that so it might be to them.

About a month after this, the subject of our sketch went with his family to reside at Troy, N. Y., a distance from Norwich, where his friend Edwin lived, of nearly three hundred miles. In the latter part of the following June, a strange phenomenon attended him which he thus graphically describes:

"I had been to spend the evening with some friends, and nothing had occurred during the visit to excite my imagination, or to agitate my mind; on the contrary, I was in a calm state. On my return, the family having retired, I went at once to my room, which was so completely filled with the moonlight as to render a candle unnecessary. After saying my prayers, I was seated on the bed, and about to draw the sheet over me, when a sudden darkness seemed to pervade the room. This surprised me, inasmuch as I had not seen a cloud in the sky, and on looking up I saw the moon still shining, but it was on the other side of the darkness, which still grew more dense, until through the darkness there seemed to be a gleam of light. This light increased and my attention was drawn to the foot of the bed,

where stood my friend Edwin. He appeared as in a cloud of brightness illuminating his face with a distinctness more than mortal. His features were unchanged except in brightness, and the only difference I saw was that his hair was long, and fell in wavy ringlets upon his shoulders. He looked on me with a smile of ineffable sweetness, then slowly raising the right arm, he pointed upward, and making with it *three* circles in the air, the hand began slowly to disappear, and then the arm, and finally the whole body melted away. The natural light of the room was then again apparent. I was speechless and could not move, though I retained all my reasoning faculties. As soon as the power of movement was restored, I rang the bell, and the family, thinking I was ill, came to my room, when my first words were, 'I have seen Edwin,—he died three days ago, at this very hour.' This was found to be perfectly correct by a letter which came a few days afterwards, announcing that after only a few hours' illness he had died of malignant dysentery."

In his fifteenth year the young Seer united with the Wesleyan Church to the great disapprobation of his aunt who was a member of the Kirk of Scotland. Her opposition to him on this account became, at last, so violent that he left the Wesleyans and joined the Congregationalists. When he was seventeen years old his peculiar gifts were once more called into exercise and in a remarkable manner. He was again residing at Norwich, Ct., while his mother was living at Waterford, near New London, twelve miles distant. One day he suddenly felt a strong impulse that she wished to see him, and he walked all the way in consequence of this *impression*. When in his mother's presence he felt further impressed that she had something particular to communicate to him, and as soon as they were left alone he turned to her and said, "What have you to say to me, mother?" She looked at him with intense surprise and then a smile came over her face and she said, "Well, dear, it was only to tell you that four months from this time I shall leave you;" and after telling him—in answer to his incredulous questioning—about a vision she had, foreshadowing her death, she added,

"and I shall be quite alone when I die, and there will not be a relative near to close my eyes." This apparently impossible prophecy was literally fulfilled, though when it was given she was in the midst of a large family and surrounded by many relatives. On the evening of her death her son, being alone in his room, heard a voice at the head of his bed which said to him, solemnly, "Dan, twelve o'clock." He turned his head, and between the window and his bed he saw what appeared to be the bust of his mother. He saw her lips move and again he heard her say, "Dan, twelve o'clock." A third time she repeated this and then disappeared. Extremely agitated, he summoned his aunt, and when she came he said "Aunty, mother died to-day at twelve o'clock, because I have seen her and she told me." "Nonsense, child," said the aunt, "you are ill, and this is the effect of a fevered brain." It was, however, too true, as the father of the young medium informed them. His mother had died at twelve o'clock, and without a relative near to close her eyes.

A few months after this event, one night, as he was about to retire, he heard three loud blows on the head of his bed as if struck with a hammer. His first impression was that some one must be concealed in his room to frighten him. The sounds were repeated, and then the impression first came to him that they were not of earth. He passed a sleepless night, and on going down to breakfast in the morning his aunt, observing his wan appearance, taunted him with having been agitated by some of his prayer-meetings. They were about to seat themselves at their morning meal when their ears were assailed by a perfect shower of raps all over the table. The youth was almost terror-stricken to hear again such sounds coming from no visible source or apparent cause, but he was soon brought back to the realities of life by his aunt's exclamation of horror: "So, you've brought the devil to my house, have you?" And, as if expecting to get rid of his Satanic Majesty by an exhibition of *passionate anger*, she seized a chair and threw it at him. Knowing how entirely innocent he was

of the cause of her rage, his feelings, he says, were deeply injured by her violence, but at the same time he was strengthened in a determination to *find out* what caused the disturbances that seemed to attend him.

There were then in the village where they lived three ministers, one a Congregationalist, one a Baptist, and the other a Wesleyan. In the afternoon of the day that witnessed the strange manifestation at their breakfast-table, his aunt, in her anger, losing sight of her strong prejudices against those rival persuasions, sent for these three ministers to consult with her, and to pray for her nephew that he might be freed from such visitations. The Baptist minister came first, and after having questioned the young medium as to how he had brought those things about him, and finding that he could give no explanation of them, he proposed that they should pray together for a cessation of them. Whilst they were thus engaged, at every mention of the names of God and Jesus, there came gentle raps on the minister's chair, and in different parts of the room; and at every expression of a wish for God's loving mercy to be shown to them and their fellow-creatures there were loud raps, as if the invisible powers causing the sounds joined in their heartfelt prayers. Mr. Home says: "I was so struck, and so deeply impressed by this, that there and then, upon my knees, I resolved to place myself entirely at God's disposal, and to follow the leadings of that which I then felt *must* be only good and true, else why should it have signified its joy at those special portions of prayer?" "This," he adds, "was the turning-point of my life, and I have never had cause to regret for one instant my determination, though I have been called on for many years to suffer deeply in carrying it out." Of the other two clergymen, the Congregationalist declined to enter into the subject, saying, much to his credit, "that he saw no reason why a pure-minded boy should be persecuted for what he was not responsible to prevent or cause;" while the Methodist attributed the phenomena to the devil, and gave him no comfort.

Notwithstanding the visits of these ministers and the aunt's displeasure, the rappings continued and the furniture began to be moved about without any perceptible agency. Of the latter manifestations he writes: "The first time this occurred I was in my room, and was brushing my hair before the looking-glass. In the glass I saw a chair that stood between me and the door moving slowly towards me. My first feeling was one of intense fear, and I looked round to see if there were no escape: but there was the chair between me and the door, and still it moved towards me as I continued looking at it. When within a foot of me, it stopped, whereupon I jumped past it, and rushed down stairs, seized my hat in the hall, and went out to ponder on this wonderful phenomenon. After this, when sitting quietly in the room with my aunt and uncle, the table, and sometimes the chairs, and other furniture, were moved about in a singular way to the great surprise and disgust of my relatives. Upon one occasion, as the table was thus moved about, my aunt brought the family Bible, and placing it on the table, said, 'There, that will soon drive the devils away;' but to her astonishment the table only moved in a more lively manner, as if pleased to bear such a burden. Seeing this she was greatly incensed, and determining to stop it, she angrily placed her whole weight on the table, and was actually lifted up with it bodily from the floor. My only consolation at this time was from another aunt, a widow, who lived near, whose heartfelt sympathy did much to cheer and console me. At her house, when I visited her, the same phenomena occurred; and we then first began to ask questions to which we received intelligent replies. The spirit of my mother, at her house, in this way communicated the following:

"'Daniel, fear not, my child. God is with you and who shall be against you? Seek to do good, be truthful, and truth-loving, and you will prosper, my child. Yours is a glorious mission,—you will convince the infidel, cure the sick, and console the weeping.' This was the first

communication I ever received, and it came within the first week of those visitations. I remember it well. I have never forgotten it, and can never forget it while reason and life shall last. I have reason to remember it too, because this was the last week I passed in the house of that aunt who had adopted me, for she was unable to bear the continuance of the phenomena which so distressed her religious convictions, and she felt it a duty that I should leave her house, which I did."

The strange panorama of this young man's life moved rapidly after his expulsion from the home of his childhood, and we find him at the early age of eighteen fairly launched on the *then* tempestuous sea of mediumship. At the house of a friend, residing in Willimantic, Ct., where he found his first resting place after leaving his aunt's, he was attended by the same phenomena as before, and those present investigated them in the most determined manner. In the spring following, an account of these wonderful manifestations was published in a newspaper, and speaking of this fact Mr. Home says, "On seeing this article which made me so public, I shrank from so prominent a position with all the earnestness of a sensitive mind." But regardless of his fears, and the frowns of his relatives, the manifestations continued, and we soon find the youthful subject of our sketch in New York, Brooklyn, and other cities, submitting to the most searching investigations by some of the best literary and scientific minds of the age.

In Brooklyn he met Professor George Bush, the eminent Swedenborgian, who took a deep interest in the mental phenomena attending him, and who assured him that the communications received were of such a nature as to leave no manner of doubt on *his* mind as to the real presence with them of those gone before. So strongly impressed was Professor Bush by these manifestations that he desired the medium to live with him for the purpose of studying for the Swedenborgian ministry. Mr. Home went to his house with the intention of so doing, but within forty-eight hours after he saw, in his waking state, the spirit of his mother, who said to him: "My

son, you must not accept this kind offer, as your mission is a more extended one than pulpit-preaching." He communicated this spirit message to the Professor, who expressed regret, but no surprise. They parted friends and remained so ever afterwards. In May, 1852, Mr. Home went to New York, and was at once cordially received by earnest and truth-loving investigators of the phenomena. There he met Judge Edmonds, Dr. S. B. Brittan, Dr. Gray, Dr. Hallock, Dr. Hull, Prof. Hare, Prof. Mapes, Mr. W. Taylor, and others, many of whom furnished the newspapers with interesting and instructive reports of the manifestations, and openly avowed a firm belief in their spiritual origin.

In August Mr. Home went on a visit to Mr. Ward Cheney, at South Manchester, Ct., and it was at his house that he was first lifted into the air by spirit power, a manifestation which, he says, has since occurred to him frequently both in England and France, and concerning which he speaks in substance as follows :

"I usually experience in my body no particular sensations other than an electrical fullness about the feet. I feel no hands supporting me and since the first manifestation of this kind I have never felt fear. I am generally lifted up perpendicularly ; my arms frequently become rigid and drawn above my head, as if grasping the unseen power which slowly raises me from the floor. At times, when I reach the ceiling, my feet are brought on a level with my face, and I am held in a reclining position. I have frequently been kept so suspended four or five minutes, an instance of which occurred at a château near Bordeaux, in the year 1857. I have been lifted in the light of day upon only one occasion, and that was in America. I have been lifted in a room in Sloane st., London, while four gas-lights were brightly burning, and five gentlemen were present, who are willing to testify to what they saw if need be. On some occasions the rigidity of my arms relaxes, and I have with a pencil made letters and signs on the ceiling, some of which now exist in London."

The year 1850 Mr. Home spent under the guidance of three friends, and during the summer he resided at New-

burgh, on the Hudson, where he passed his time in study. He was a boarder at the Theological Institute, but in no way included in the theological classes. While there he had an extraordinary vision, in which he heard the voice of a dear spirit friend, that said to him, "Fear not, Daniel, I am near you; the vision you are about to have is that of death, yet you will not die: your spirit must again return to the body in a few hours. Trust in God and his good angels and all will be well." Here the voice became lost, and the medium felt as if passing out of the material form, in which state there came rushing upon him with a fearful rapidity memories of the past. His thoughts, he says, bore the semblance of realities, and every action appeared as an eternity of existence. A benumbing and chilling sensation then stole over him, and finally feeling and thought ceased and he knew no more. How long he remained in that state he says he knew not, but his awakening from it he describes in the following language:

"I felt that I was about to awaken in a most dense obscurity; terror had given place to a pleasurable emotion, accompanied by a certitude of some one dearly loved being near me, yet invisible. It then occurred to me that the light of the spirit sphere must necessarily be more effulgent than our own, and I pondered whether or not the sudden change from darkness to light might not prove painful, for instinctively I realized that beyond the surrounding obscurity lay an ocean of silver-toned light. I was at this instant brought to a consciousness of light, by seeing the whole of my nervous system, as it were, composed of thousands of electrical scintillations, which here and there, as in the created nerve, took the form of currents, darting their rays over the whole body in a manner most marvelous; still, this was but a cold electrical light, and besides, it was external. Gradually, however, I saw that the extremities were less luminous, and the finer membranes surrounding the brain became glowing, and I felt that thought and action were no longer connected with the earthly tenement, but that they were in a spirit-body in every respect similar to the body which I knew to have been mine, and which I

now saw lying motionless before me on the bed. The only link which held the two forms together seemed to be a silvery-like light which proceeded from the brain ; and, as if it were a response to my earlier waking thoughts, the same voice, only that it was now more musical than before, said, 'Death is but a second birth, corresponding in every respect to the natural birth, and should the uniting link now be severed you could never again enter the body. As I told you, however, this will not be. You did wrong to doubt, even for an instant, for this was the cause of your having suffered, and this very want of faith is the source of every evil on your earth. *God is love* ; and still his children ever doubt him. Has he not said, "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you ; seek, and ye shall find ?" His words must be taken as they were spoken. . . . Be very calm, for in a few moments you will see us all, but do not touch us ; be guided by the one who is appointed to go with you, for I must remain near your body.'

"It now appeared to me that I was waking from a dream of darkness to a sense of light ; but such a glorious light ! Never did earthly sun shed such rays, strong in beauty, *soft in love*, warm in life-giving glow ; and as my last idea of earthly light had been the reflex of my own body, so now this heavenly light came from those I saw standing about me. Yet the light was not of their creating, but was shed on them by a higher, purer source, which only seemed the more adorably beautiful in the invisibility of its holy love and mercy—thus to shower every blessing on the creatures of its creating ; and now I was bathed in light, and about me were those for whom I had sorrowed. One whom I had never known on earth then drew near and said, 'You will come with me, Daniel !' I could only reply that it was impossible to move, as I could not feel that my nature had any power over my new spirit-body. To this he replied, 'Desire, and you will accomplish your desires, which are not sinful, desires being as prayers to the Divinity, and he answereth the every prayer of his children.'

"For the first time I now looked to see what sustained my body, and I found that it was but a purple-tinted cloud, and that as I desired to go onward with my guide, the cloud appeared as if disturbed by a gentle breeze, and in its movements I found I was wafted upward until I saw the earth as a vision, far, far below us.

Soon I found that we had drawn nearer, and were just hovering over a cottage that I had never seen ; and I also saw the inmates, but had never met them in life. The walls of the cottage were not the least obstruction to my sight ; they were as if constructed of a dense body of air, yet perfectly transparent, and so with every article of furniture. I perceived that the inmates were asleep, and I saw the various spirits who were watching over them."

Deeply interested in all that he saw, the spirit of the medium was permitted for some time to watch over the silent sleepers and observe the various ways the blessed immortals take to impress their presence and their thoughts on the mind in sleep. Then his guide said to him, "We must now return." "Why must we return so soon?" he asked. "It can be but a few moments I have been with you, and I would fain see more, and remain near you longer." The guide replied, "It is now many hours since you came to us ; but here we take no cognizance of time, and as you are here in spirit, you too have lost this knowledge ; we would have you with us, but this must not be at present. Return to earth, love your fellow-creatures, love truth, and in so doing you will serve the God of infinite love, who careth for and loveth all. May the Father of Mercies bless you, Daniel!" On returning to mortal consciousness the medium found that this vision had lasted nearly eleven hours.

In the autumn Mr. Home returned to New York, with the intention of beginning a course of medical studies, as his friends advised, but of this he says,

"A chain of untoward circumstances seemed strangely to link themselves together and to prevent my carrying out my intention. At that time I could not well comprehend why this should be ; but since then I have often had occasion to thank God that it was so ordered. The kind friends who were doing what they thought best, in preventing others from seeing the manifestations, did not take into consideration that the phenomena which had been a source of information and consolation to them, were God-given, and that we had no right to conceal their light from any."

Submitting himself again to the guidance of his spirit friends, Mr. Home went next to Hartford, thence to Springfield, where he met Dr. Gardner and several others at the house of Mr. Rufus Elmer. At a séance there held, of which a published account was given by Dr. Gardner, the manifestations assumed a new and most interesting character. Not only were heavy articles of furniture moved by the unseen powers, but as the persons present were singing the hymn, "Whilst shepherds watch," a bell that was in the room was raised from the floor and rung in perfect time with the measure of the tune, after which another tune was drummed out by the bell against the underside of the table, the sound resembling the roll of drumsticks in the hands of a skillful performer upon a tenor drum, and yet no human hand touched the bell. Other remarkable phenomena followed, and at last, many beautiful and sublime teachings were given by the heavenly visitants.

Mr. Home next went to Boston, "where the power," he says, "increased in a manner which surprised me not less than other witnesses of it." On several occasions the spirits were seen distinctly by all present, and more than once they kissed persons so as to be at once felt and heard. During the summer his health improved and he once more thought of pursuing a course of medical studies, but again unforeseen circumstances combined to prevent, and he returned to Springfield and to the house of Mr. Elmer, where séances were again held, at which the materialized hands of spirits were distinctly felt by all persons present, as was declared by a Mr. F. C. Andrué in an article of his published in the *Republican*. Early in Nov. Mr. Home returned to New York and resumed his medical studies, but continued to hold séances at his rooms, and amongst the poorer classes, "for the purpose," he says, "of speaking to them of these most cheering truths." And in this connection he adds, "I have always found them to be the most candid and thorough in their investigations, and when they were in reality convinced,

they were the most thankful to God in allowing such proofs of spiritual beings and forces to exist. I have seen many a poor heart-broken mother consoled with the thought that the fair young child, given to cheer her as she toiled for her daily bread, but who had pined and gone forever from her sight, was still living and loving her, and was her God-sent ministering angel." "I well remember," he continues, "a poor man being present one evening and the spirit of a little girl coming with the following message: 'Father, dear, your little Mary was present last Wednesday, and God gave her power to prevent you from doing what you wished. If you were ever to do that, you could not come where your own Mary and her mother are. Promise me you will never think of such an awful thing again.' We all looked astonished, but could not understand to what she alluded. Still it was evident the poor father knew too well, for, throwing himself upon his knees, he said, as the tears rolled down his cheeks, 'Indeed, it is but too true, that on Wednesday last I decided to cut my throat, but as I took the razor to do it, I felt that, had my child been alive, she would have shrunk from me with horror, and this very thought was the saving of me.'" The writer would here ask, what wrong or evil influences can there possibly be in a guardianship which has power to produce such results? In January, 1851, Mr. Home's health again failed, and all idea of completing his medical studies had to be entirely abandoned. The physicians whom he *consulted* all decided that the only hope of having his life prolonged, was a visit to Europe. This was to the weary medium a hard struggle, but his spirit guides also told him he must go, and these counsels, he says, could not be unheeded. Accordingly, he started to pay a series of farewell visits to friends, feeling as did they that in all probability it was the last time they should meet "in the flesh."

On the 31st day of March, 1855, Mr. Home sailed from Boston for England. "On the ninth day of the voyage," he observes, "we neared shore, and the signal cannon was

fired." The train of reflections awakened by the occasion he thus describes :

"I never can forget my feelings as I looked around me, and saw only joy beaming on the faces of my fellow-passengers. Some were there, who were about to reach their home, and the thought of kind friends waiting to welcome them brought the smile of joy on their countenances. Others were travelers who saw the Old World with all her art-treasures spread before them, and the monotony of a sea voyage near its termination. I stood there alone, with not one friend to welcome me, broken down in health, and my hopes and fairest dreams of youth, all, as I thought, forever fled. The only prospect I had was that of a few months' suffering and then to pass from earth. I had this strange power, also, which made a few look with pity on me as a poor deluded being, only devil-sent, to lure souls to destruction, while others were not chary in treating me as a base impostor. I stood there on the ship's deck amongst the crowd of passengers, and a sense of utter loneliness crept over me, until my very heart seemed too heavy to bear up against it. I sought my cabin, and prayed to God to vouchsafe one ray of hope to cheer me. In a few moments I felt a sense of joy come over me, and when I rose I was as happy as the happiest of them."

The health of this poor exile from home and family was restored, and he was welcomed and honored in all his wanderings in Europe in a way that made manifest his providential mission. It is not within the limits of this brief sketch to follow him through all his career abroad. It must suffice to say that he has been the honored guest of the most distinguished personages, before whom his extraordinary powers have been manifested, convincing them as well as thousands of people of the grand truths of immortality and the heaven-ordained power of an angel ministry and spiritual communion. Emperors and Kings, Lords and Ladies, and people of all the superior ranks in Europe—Savans, authors, artists, orators, in many nations, have all paid homage to his gifts and learned to admire and to love him for his own worth of character. Though hated by some, and misunderstood and slandered by

many, his life in the Old World has been a glorious triumph for the truths of the Spiritual Philosophy,

That like a morn new-born on earth
Hath filled with light, hearts *sick* from birth,
And called divinest beauties forth.

Of the many séances held by Mr. Home with eminent persons whom he has met in Europe, and whose friendship he has since enjoyed, suffice it to say that at nearly all of them the manifestations were of a most extraordinary and astounding character, and frequently there were new developments of spirit agency of such a nature as almost to surpass the power of human belief. Flowers were brought from unknown sources, wreaths were formed, musical instruments were made to give forth celestial strains, voices of unseen visitants were heard, bells were rung, pianos were made to vibrate and keep time to the music called forth from them by skilled fingers sweeping the yielding keys ; there were materializations of spirit-hands, and veiled forms seen passing from one to another member of the circles formed, giving a blessing, or a token of love to each ; there were levitations and prophecies, there were signs and messages to the living on earth from the living and loving ones within the vail of the spirit realm. To all these manifestations there were witnesses whose testimony as given it would be the presumption of folly to dispute. The writer grants that one may *reasonably* and properly have doubt concerning them who has never witnessed anything of the kind ; but to assume a thing to be absurd or false simply because it has not come within the narrow range of our own experience, is to subject our intelligence to impeachment by yielding to the dicta of ignorance and prejudice.

In March, 1858, Mr. Home went to Rome, where he was introduced to a Russian lady, the Countess de Kouchelleff, to whose sister he was married the following August. He speaks of their first meeting, which was at a supper given by the Countess, to a large party of friends and distinguished guests, as follows :

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"At twelve, as we entered the supper-room, she introduced to me a young lady, whom I then observed for the first time, as her sister. A strange impression came over me at once, and I knew she was to be my wife. When we were seated at the table the young lady turned to me and laughingly said, 'Mr. Home, you will be married before the year is out.' I asked why she said so, and she replied, that there was such a superstition in Russia when a person was at table between two sisters. I made no reply. It was true. In twelve days we were partially engaged, and waiting only the consent of her mother. The evening of the day of our engagement a small party had assembled and were dancing. I was seated on a sofa by my fiancée, when she turned to me and abruptly said, 'Do tell me all about spirit-rapping, for you know I do not believe in it.' I said to her, Mademoiselle, I trust you will ever bear in mind that I have a mission entrusted to me. It is a great and holy one. I cannot speak with you about a thing which you have not seen, and therefore can not understand. I can only say it is a great truth. The tears came welling into her eyes, and laying her hand in mine she said, 'If your mission can bring comfort to those less happy than ourselves, or be in any way a consolation to mankind, you will ever find me ready and willing to do all I can to aid you in it.'"

To this promise, Mr. Home says, "his wife was true to the last moment of her short life," and he adds, "She is still my great comfort and sustainer since we have been separated in this earthly sphere. She was my own true, loving wife, for, oh! too short a period for my happiness here, but for hers, I was content to lose her for a time, till it shall please God that I too pass away to join her." Such fidelity to a trying, but exalted mission, such true affection for a pure and noble woman, and above all such child-like trust in and submission to the will of God as are here expressed, do not bespeak the impostor, nor was Mr. Home ever so regarded by those who had the best opportunity to know him well and to test his wonderful powers. He was received and entertained for a week by the Emperor of Russia at his Palace of Peterhoff, and through the kind influence of this gracious Sovereign all

obstacles to his marriage were removed. Of this event Mrs. Mary Howitt, one of the sweet singers of England, writes :

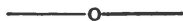
"The marriage took place at St. Petersburg, and was celebrated in the presence of M. Alexandre Dumas, who went from Paris on purpose to be present, and to officiate as god-father to the bridegroom, and the Emperor presented to Mr. Home a diamond ring of great value On the birth of their only child, a son, the Emperor expressed his continued friendship for Mr. and Mrs. Home by presenting to them a ring of emeralds and diamonds. Thus commenced their married life with all the outward accessories of station and wealth, together with hosts of friends, while the measure of their happiness was completed by that calm domestic bliss which is the purest source of earthly enjoyment. They could not but be happy, for their affection was pure as it was sincere, and when their union was blessed by the birth of a son, there was no more to hope for but to bring him up worthily to be a partaker in their happiness *Mrs. Home was a deeply believing Spiritualist.* God's love had made known to her the reality of the spirit world, and so loyal was she to this knowledge that she was ready to attest it in life and death."

To this latter test she was soon called, for she passed from earth in the twenty-second year of her age, and Mr. Home was left with his little son, then only three years old, to look with longing eyes up to the celestial heights to which the pure spirit of his beloved Sacha, as he called her, had been called. After this sad event Mr. Home, who had not in his happiness forgotten or neglected his great mission, continued to give *séances*, and through his gifts hundreds were comforted. He is still in the field a laborer for the glorious truths of the new Gospel.

It is true that, in the course of his remarkable career, he has frequently been assailed by enemies, slander has been busy with his name, the hand of the assassin even has been raised against him, he has been called a disturber of the peace and banished from Papal dominions, but from every trial, and

through every danger, he has been brought unharmed, and with garments undefiled.

With a candor worthy of admiration he has published even the slanders of his enemies, and then with a patient charity that seems inexhaustible he has clearly shown, without any spirit of retaliation, their falsity, and in this position he has been sustained by the most reliable testimony. The writer of this sketch has never had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Home or of witnessing any of the more important physical manifestations attributed to spirit-power; but the unwritten lives of many whom she has met, as well as her own more humble experience, have a voice in them that whispers of what he has recorded, *these things are true*; and with such persons as William and Mary Howitt and the hosts of others in this and the Old World who have been favored witnesses of his powers, and who have given testimony of their faith in him and in the Philosophy of Spiritualism through their own noble and well-ordered lives, she fears not to say of this faithful minister of a New Gospel, thou hast done well and most signally have the angels blessed thee, raising thee up from thy poor and lowly estate, and placing thee before princes and kings in spirit and power. Heaven prosper thy onward journey even as thou art true to thy God-given mission.



DRIFTING OF THE STARS.—We talk of the fixed stars because they do not appear to us to move. Owing to their amazing distances, as compared with the planets of our own solar system, their movements are rendered inappreciable by the sense of vision, with the aids that science and art have hitherto furnished. It is more than probable that the stars, apparently fixed, are all moving with velocities that are quite inconceivable around solar centers beyond the possible reach of the most powerful telescopes.

S. B. B.

SOUL AND BODY.

BY PROF. J. R. BUCHANAN, M.D.

Failures of Carpenter, Spencer, Wagner, Flint and other materialistic Naturalists.

ALL enlightened modern physiologists are familiar with the truth that the interaction of mind and matter is effected through the nervous system. It is also generally recognized as indisputable that the hemispheres of the cerebrum, at least in man, are the organic apparatus by which the mind influences the body and the reaction from the body affects the mind.

Hence when we inquire as to the special seat of the soul in the human body, the inquiry would seem to be limited to this—Does the soul occupy the entire cerebrum as a unit—a single office, or organ—or has it a special seat in some portion of the cerebrum, rather than in the whole?

But the inquiry practically is much broader than this. We are met at the outset with the inevitable preliminary question—Is there such an *entity* as the soul, distinct from the brain, and capable of acting through it or upon it—or is the soul nothing more than an abstract expression to signify the intelligent and emotional results of cerebral action?

Common opinion and universal language recognize the soul as an entity, capable of acting either through or by or upon the brain—more certain as to its *rôle* in human existence than the brain itself, of which the average consciousness of mankind has no very clear or positive idea. But common opinion and universal language, even though they lie at the very foundation of religion and of social order, are of little weight among scientists. The question whether there is or is not a soul is made as debatable a question to-day as the newest

doctrine in science or sociology, and the bearing of the soulless party toward their opponents is as haughty and supercilious as if they were the sole representatives of science and missionaries of wisdom to a very benighted world.

In a lively discussion among the members of the London Anthropological Society, it was remarked by a distinguished member that to speak of the mind acting upon the brain or manifesting itself through the brain was very objectionable phraseology, as it implied that there was something distinct from the brain that operated upon it—a supposition which he entirely repudiated.

It might be said by way of retort, that to call the Society an Anthropological Society would be a still greater solecism, as it implies that they have a science of Anthropology, for the cultivation of which they have combined, whereas it is notorious that they are but collecting the fragmentary facts of Ethnology and Palæontology, as materials to assist in organizing or building up an Anthropology in the far future, if the Society should live through the long years or centuries of hope deferred. A society which has not yet ascertained the great fundamental fact of Anthropology, that man has a soul as well as a body, has but slight claims to be called an Anthropological Society, however high it may rank as a society for holding scientific debates upon questions that mankind have irrevocably decided, or for gathering the crude materials of induction which some philosopher may hereafter find useful, but which are mere lumber until they are properly used.

There is a strong disposition among many modern scientists to advance in the direction of Buchner's materialistic speculations and quietly take possession of the world of consciousness with material forms and correlated physical forces, leaving no place whatever for the soul in their "system of nature."

To this end the Positivists are advancing boldly, and the philosophy of Herbert Spencer, notwithstanding its dubious aspect, evidently tends toward the same conclusion—a conclu-

sion which makes it needless to seek the seat of the soul in the body, by denying its existence in any other sense than that in which we recognize the existence of the rainbow, as a transitory and beautiful apparition disappearing at the moment when the fortunate conjunction of raindrops and sunlight has ceased.

That this delusion should have so nearly taken possession of the scientific world is indeed the most remarkable fact in the philosophy of the Nineteenth Century—a fact of which many are not yet fully conscious.

The most recent and elaborate American System of Physiology, from the pen of Prof. Austin Flint, but expresses the sentiment of his contemporaries in recognizing the soul or mind as a mere transient phenomenon of matter. His language is as follows :

“At the present day we are in possession of a sufficient number of positive facts to render it certain that there is and can be no intelligence without brain-substance ; that where brain-substance exists in a normal condition, intellectual phenomena are manifested with a vigor proportionate to the amount of matter existing ; that the destruction of brain-substance produces loss of intellectual power ; and finally that exercise of the intellectual faculties involves a physiological destruction of nervous substance, necessitating regeneration by nutrition, here as in other tissues in the living organism. *The brain is not, strictly speaking, the organ of the mind, for this statement would imply that the mind exists as a force, independently of the brain ; but the mind is produced by the brain-substance ;* and intellectual force, if we may term the intellect force, can be produced only by the transmutation of a certain amount of matter.”

That psychic action and nervous waste do generally proceed together in man is undeniable, but it does not justify the hasty inference that the former is nothing but an effect of the latter, which is here distinctly stated. The above is a sufficiently explicit declaration that matter generates mind, and

consequently that mind is but a transient phenomenon, disappearing with the disorganization of the brain.

The palpable absurdity into which this shallow philosophy plunges at its first step—the doctrine that molecular movement evolves mind and consequently that *motion is mind*, would seem sufficient to repel any one accustomed to philosophical reasoning, but it does not repel scientists who ignore philosophy and shut their eyes to facts which are familiar to the million.

The existence of mind independent of brain-substance has been demonstrated a thousand times within the reach of medical professors, who, like Flint and Hammond, take a pride in ignoring facts and turning away their eyes as proudly and stubbornly as Horky, when he refused to look through Galileo's telescope.

It is not to such that we should address an argument. If they prefer to remain ignorant of facts which are fast becoming the common property of all cultivated, intelligent men, they have an unquestionable legal right to remain *as ignorant as they please*. We need only place them on record as they have expressed themselves—nail their flag above their heads, and see that they do not stealthily withdraw it when their mediæval stubbornness becomes too conspicuously ludicrous. When they take down that flag, let their surrender be frank, manly and honorable, recognizing their own error and the credit due to those who have been wiser than themselves.

Who will be the parties to surrender—whether the leading scientists of to-day will die in their stubbornness, refusing to look through the telescope to the last, and leaving the duties of candor and common sense to be performed by another generation, time only can tell. That they are sufficiently benighted at present is shown abundantly by the reviews and systematic treatises which are poured forth from the press in overwhelming profusion.

WAGNER, the eminent German physiologist, looks upon the search for the location of the soul and the discussion

between Lotze and Fichte on this subject as very irrational. He agrees with Ludwig in considering all psychic phenomena as the "results of a certain number of *conditions of the blood and the brain*." This Wagner says is "a theory of the soul identical with that of *the scientific materialism of the school of modern naturalists*."

The arrogant attempt to enlarge the sphere of the "modern naturalists," and to build up physical science until in its higher departments it shall comprehend mind as the highest phenomenon of matter, is a bold assault upon the laws of nature, made in utter defiance of the fact that mind, independent of matter, has for centuries made known from its higher sphere, its positive existence to all who were willing to observe its manifestations.

Had the builders of the tower of Babel affirmed that the moon and stars were but functions or phenomena of the clouds of the upper air, and proposed to carry up their tower until it should hold the stars in its spire, their labors would have been no more ambitious and preposterously hopeless than those of our ambitious scientists.

CARPENTER, the leading physiologist of England (at least so far as authorship is concerned) and President of the British Scientific Association, led by the seductive doctrine of the correlation of forces, suggests that animal heat may be and most probably is a direct product of the *transformation* of nervous force. As nervous force and psychic force are convertible terms among such physiologists, he evidently means what others have more plainly affirmed, that mind is correlative with heat and other imponderable forces, and is in its nature substantially the same. In other words, mind is but a higher form of force and motion, which is by implication the doctrine of Spencer.

Attempting to display a higher wisdom than his contemporaries, and lift himself above the classification of materialists and spiritualists (or perhaps to evade the responsibility of a definite position), Carpenter, in his very labored yet very in-

definite treatise upon the mind and brain, endeavors to comprehend in his system both the material and spiritual doctrines, yet evidently fails to make a consistent whole of his heterogeneous materials.

To avoid the doctrines of a pure, simple and honest materialism—he claims that although the cerebrum and sensorial ganglia (structures at the base of the brain) are really the sources of our ideas and emotions, there is still something else in man—an independent power of will, voluntary and uncontrolled by causation—which regulates these operations of the brain, and that this will-power is *the best evidence that we have* of the existence of anything in man higher than cerebral action. He does not distinctly affirm that man possesses a soul which can ever act independent of the body; on the contrary he says that science cannot take cognizance of any such fact or doctrine, but he suggests that the will-power gives *some evidence* of the existence of *something* mysterious, above the ordinary action of the brain. But if our ordinary mental processes, our ideas and emotions, and especially, as he mentions it, specifically, the operations of reason, are but “functions” of the brain, or, as he expresses it, “reflex action of the cerebrum,” what need have we for any higher power? There is nothing more subtle and remote from materiality than reason, imagination and love, and if cerebral action or “nervous force” produces these, surely it was entirely superfluous to bring in a new agent to explain volition, which is much more obviously governed by the laws of causation, and more nearly akin to muscular and physiological actions than the subtler powers which he concedes to the cerebrum, and especially to the optic thalamus.

If his superadded agent was introduced, as it appears, only to escape the difficulties of a bald materialism, it fails to escape any difficulty, for it leaves the *highest powers of the mind* as the product of material action, and thus his philosophy tumbles into the old pit—the doctrine that *motion is mind*. It has all the absurdities of the grossest materialism, and

utterly fails to satisfy the imperative demands of psychology. If the higher power introduced (which he does not name or define) is only a will-power, it is not an intelligent being—not a spiritual entity that can survive the dissolution of the body, but simply an unintelligible conception—a fungous outgrowth of skeptical materialism, as incompatible with the rigid logic of materialists as with innumerable facts of the Spiritualists.

We may speak of the rigid logic of the materialists, while discarding their absurdities, for he who knows nothing of the facts of spiritual science must, in logical honesty, be a materialist, and he who, in consequence of constitutional narrowness of mind or dogmatic skepticism, rejects all such facts and all human testimony, must also become a materialist by honest reasoning.

We may say, therefore, that Carpenter's position is neither that of honest dogmatic materialism, nor that of a practical and rational psychology. His deformed soul-power with only one faculty, and that faculty an embodied absurdity, the arbitrary will-power of certain old metaphysicians, lawless and independent of causation, is the invention of Prof. Carpenter alone, and might well be labeled "*Pneuma-Carpenterii*," and left to its fate in the lumber room of unprofitable inventions.

And yet, defaced with these glaring absurdities, Carpenter's treatise is the leading text-book of the day in physiology. Nor is there any escape from such absurdities when writers on physiology attempt to discuss the higher questions of Anthropology, except by a frank recognition of the existence of the human soul, and of the fact that no species of medullary *neurine* can possibly, by any chemical process, originate the reason, the will, and the emotions which form the psychic character of man.

No acute thinker can fail to discover the absurdity of a purely material hypothesis of the mind—and then to escape the *reductio ad absurdum*, he must either frankly accept the

truths of pneumatology or employ a vast amount of ingenuity in evading the issue, or in constructing some illusory hypothesis by which to give an appearance of verbal consistency and rationality to unthinkable absurdities.

HERBERT SPENCER,* perceiving very distinctly that neither matter nor motion could be identified with mind, and yet unwilling to recognize the objective existence of the soul, or even to take cognizance of the highest facts of psychology, boldly assumed that matter and mind might be one and their ultimate reality or substratum the same, being but different manifestations of the same ultimate existence or power. The natural inference would be that if matter and mind are substantially the same, then the mind is material, or is at least a form of force or motion; but he earnestly repudiates the inference of materialism, and affirms that the identity of which he speaks is only in their ultimate nature, not in their apparent reality or mode of being, as presented to us.

What then does Spencer mean? He recognizes the palpable difference of mind and matter, but in consequence of their analogies and correlations he is led to suppose that in some mysterious way they proceed from a common cause or substance. But these far-fetched hypotheses as to the ultimate and undiscoverable or unknowable basis of all existence, being nothing more than conjectures about the unknown, have no place in the presentation of science, and no bearing upon the recognized facts.

The meaning of Spencer is, that the problem presented in man's existence is, from his stand-point, an inscrutable mystery, and as an honest inquirer he is not willing to assert anything more than just what is apparent from his peculiar position. Ignoring all spiritual facts—ignoring even the investigations of Gall and Spurzheim—he excludes himself from

* Notwithstanding the signal failure of Spencer as a psychologist, and his lamentable disregard of Anthropology, the writer would not withhold the tribute of respect due to his candid investigations, his vigorous philosophic thought and his eminent ability as a sociologist.

the knowledge of Psychology, and can do nothing more than look at the psychic relations of Physiology. He is in the position of a savage who studies a watch, but, lacking the ingenuity or enterprise necessary to open it, is content to study from day to day its outside appearances, and concludes that the fundamental principle of its action is the succession of little shocks which he perceives when he examines it, and which constitute the limits of his knowledge, as the successive psychic shocks in man recognized by Spencer, from which all human mentality is constructed, constitute for him the ultimate limit of human wisdom, in studying the constitution of man. This repetition of the meager and barren speculations of Condillac and Hartley so near the end of the nineteenth century, by one who might have made himself the leader of rational philosophy, is much to be regretted.

The philosophy of Spencer, though called a Psychology (*lucus a non lucendo*), is but a truncated cone—a mass of Physiology rising to the height of Psychology, where it is abruptly cut off. The physical being, with his physical functions, is recognized—but the spiritual being, superimposed on the physical, is utterly ignored, while the attempt is made to analyze and explain the psychic manifestations of the ignored soul—the play of Hamlet with Hamlet omitted.

It would be as rational to take the human constitution for study, and after surveying its functions from below upward, cut off the head and proceed to trace and describe the various innervations, proceeding down the spinal cord, the phrenic and pneumogastric nerves, without reference to the absent encephalon from which those nervous influences proceeded—and finally declare that the singular power exercised by these nerves (the brain being ignored) was in some mysterious way the same as the physical properties of the bones and muscles, and was the immediate product of their action.

Spencer's Psychology is therefore a blank—a failure to develop a Psychology. He halts at the very threshold of the science, and is content to stand outside of the temple.

His mode of evading the inevitable issue of a proper inquiry, and terminating his investigations in a little preliminary question, a mere *foramen cæcum*, is ingenious though incomplete. He reduces mind by analysis to its elementary constituents of psychic impressions or shocks, and by connecting these with the material undulations which make the impression on our senses, hints that the psychic processes so closely parallel to the physical, are, though not identical, so closely analogous as to justify the belief in their basic unity of nature.

If this succession of psychic movements of matter be all, and there be no spiritual entity, no unitary conscious existence, of which these psychic phenomena are manifestations, we have annihilated the idea of a soul as effectually as the old Greek philosopher annihilated the idea of motion. Zeno denied the existence of motion, even more explicitly than the modern speculators deny the existence of the soul; and even when Diogenes gave the practical refutation by walking before him, the theory was not hurt by such a fact: that of modern materialism totally ignores the contradicting facts, but Zeno did not need to deny the facts of the motion exhibited, as he maintained that the motion was only apparent, not real—that the apparent motion was but a series of successive positions, occupied by the body, in each of which, *while it was occupied*, the body was at rest!! Motion, therefore, was an unreality—a mere expression of the series of *states of rest*. Just so in the Spencerian philosophy, the soul is but a series of states curiously combined, which lead to the delusive notion of a soul. Nevertheless, these two things, SOUL and MOTION, though pronounced delusions by abstract speculators, are recognized by the unclouded intellect as the two greatest realities with which we are concerned.

To those who fairly reason upon all the established facts of science (established by human testimony and by critical investigation), it is as needless to prove the existence of the human soul as to prove the existence of motion. It is as

easy to prove the one as the other, and to annihilate any representative of waning metaphysics, who may be disposed to stand in the way and provoke a controversy. But in such a matter as this we may properly feel as Cæsar did, when in taking possession of the government he was confronted by an officer at the door of the treasury to dispute his passage. With his hand at the hilt of his sword, Cæsar significantly menaced the life of the officer, and with the expressive words, "Know, young man, it is easier to do this than to say it," he found no further argument necessary. If the old custodians of human opinion, however, are not as prompt and sensible as the young guardian of the treasury, it may be necessary to make them feel the sharp edge of argument.

In approaching the question of the nature of mind or soul, from which the modern school of skeptical speculators is disposed to recoil, we cannot and should not evade the question whether mind be anything more than matter, or the forces by which it is moved. If with Carpenter we suppose that mind is not material in the grossest sense, but is in some way correlative with force, we make no progress beyond the sphere of mechanical science, and do not relieve ourselves from the intolerable absurdities of that position which admits of no higher conception than that *motion is mind*. Carpenter, at the head of the materialistic school, stands on the brink of the fathomless chasm which separates conscious existence from unconscious matter. Standing there, he and his followers are utterly unable to enter the realm of psychic science.

If mind be something fundamentally distinct from matter, it is not to be obscurely hinted at, as by Carpenter, and pronounced outside of the sphere of science, if it exists at all. Its magnitude and importance, so far as we are concerned, are equal to the magnitude and importance of *all other sciences*.

The spiritual and material, though not correlative in the sense of correlation of forces, are correspondential and analogous, and the utmost claim that can be made for physical

science is that it is the half—the lower half of the sphere of universal science.

The majestic realm of psychic knowledge is not to be merely glanced at as a remote island on the ocean horizon, so lost in mist as to suggest a doubt whether it be not a mere passing cloud, when we have reason to know that it is a larger territory than the continent on which we stand.

Nor can the subject be rationally approached as by Spencer with downcast eyes, fixed on material vibrations and psychic shocks. When the whole subject, in all its height and breadth, is open before us, the soul should be studied not only in its complex connections with the body, but in its independent existence; and this independent existence of mind becomes the great and overwhelming fact of psychology, before which the metaphysical speculations of those who have not yet learned this great fact—the greatest scientific fact in the universe—sink into mere irrelevant dreamings of ignorance.

Soul and matter are as distinct as the new world discovered by Columbus from the older and larger continent. Their intercourse and relations may be studied, but they cannot be identified. The ingenious suggestion of Spencer, that the psychic, though palpably and unquestionably distinct from the material as he is compelled to admit, may perhaps, after all, in some mysterious sense be the same in its essential nature, is but the last subterfuge of a baffled philosopher to give his exhausted and dead theory an honorable burial, after its truth has disappeared in the shadow of the unknown.

The Psychology of Spencer bears the same relation to a true psychology as the diary of a scientific hermit in a cavern might bear to a system of astronomy. There may be a treatise of *ingenious speculation* on psychic phenomena, but there can be no Psychology which does not embrace the existence of the human soul as it lives apart from the body after death, and as it lives with the body, occupying the brain, influencing and being influenced by all the processes of life.

The evasive subterfuges of Spencer and Carpenter, when they confront the great problem of Anthropology with half-closed eyes, are miserable representations of the philosophic capacity of the nineteenth century, and it is very apparent that the school of scientists who cannot emancipate themselves from the fetters of materialism, and cannot agree to recognize the facts of spirit-life established by legions of witnesses and by the most careful scientific investigations, must in time pass into that oblivion which has overwhelmed their predecessors, the metaphysicians.

A new class of investigators of nature must arise, unencumbered by hypotheses or prejudice, willing to welcome all facts, and competent to bring the rich philosophy and moral teachings of psychology into the daily life of humanity.

Thus shall the scientific and the religious elements of humanity be brought into their natural predestined coöperation, and the divine harmony of all truth be clearly perceived from the highest position that science can attain.



THE GOSPEL OF FREEDOM.

BY THOMAS L. HARRIS.

I SAW a Spirit, Godlike, vast and glorious
 Upon the summit of the Ages stand ;
 His countenance of light, his brow victorious,
 Shone with a Love no mortal might withstand.
 His voice went forth, in vast reverberations
 Over each isle and continent and sea,
 Waking, enrapturing earth's down-trodden nations,
 With God the Father's great command—" **BE FREE !** "

And there was silence for a space in Heaven,
 And the mute Seraphim gazed far abroad,
 And saw earth's ancient darkling stillness riven,
 And the wide nations hear the voice of God.

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And as the mandate of that mighty Angel
Fell sunlike on the hearts and souls of men ;
The Seraphs echoed Freedom's great evangel,
And the vast concave sounded back—"AMEN !"

Thus came in my vision adown the swift years,
The voice of the Angel to me—
"Be Free !" saith the Spirit who ruleth the spheres
That circle eternity's sea.
Like light to all worlds from the Infinite Sun
Flows the Word to all natures that be,
And it moveth and waketh all Nations as one,
And their hearts all reëcho—"BE FREE !"

From the pleasures that woo with their azure-veined arms
But fetter the soul in its sleep ;
From the Sirens that lurk in the wine-cup's red charms,
Like sea-snakes far down in the deep ;
From the sloth that doth eat and the vices that tear
The strength and the splendor from thee,
Arise ! as the lion springs forth from his lair,
In the strength of thy Manhood, "BE FREE !"

From the Creed, whose red leaves are all blistered with lies
That teach thee to fear and to hate ;
From the shrines that have rung with the martyrdom cries
Of the Pure, and the Good, and the Great ;
From the Priest who sits throned in the Juggernaut car
And launches out curses at thee,
As he rides on his ruin-spread path from afar—
Arise ! in thy Godhood—"BE FREE !"

From the wolfish Ambition that prompts thee to rear
O'er thy Brother's crushed spirit a throne,
From the thirstings for gold that would teach thee to sear
Thy warm heart till it hardens to stone ;

From the darkling distrust that would drive thee afar
From the Natures all kindred to thee,
Come forth, as from Night comes the Morn's golden star,
In thy Holiness come and "BE FREE!"

Be Free in the Truth that comes down from above
As glory flows down from the sun,
And shows the wide Universe dwelling in Love,
And God and Humanity one.
A Spirit art thou in thy garments of clay,
The Heavens are open to thee,
And Angels look on thee with eyes like the day—
Lift thine eyes, and behold, and "BE FREE!"

Be Free in the Love that eternal pours forth
From thy spirit's divinest profound,
As the infinite ocean encircles the earth,
Let its billows Humanity bound.
With a heart and a hand, and a smile and a tear
And a blessing for all things that be,
In beauty move on through thy Duty's wide sphere,
From envy and hatred "BE FREE!"

Be Free in the Strength that the Hero puts on,
When he tramples the thrones in his wrath;
Let the Nations rejoice in the way thou hast gone,
Let the dungeons fall down in thy path.
And stay not thy footsteps and sheathe not thy brand,
Till Love reigneth over each jubilant land,
And each heart clings to heart, and each hand joins to hand,
And a voice, like the voice of the sea,
"IT IS FINISHED!" responds to the Father's command,
And the Earth, like the Heaven, is FREE!

THE FLUIDIC ACTION OF MAN.

ON PLANTS AND ON THE AIR.

(Translated from the French for BRITTAN'S JOURNAL.)

BY MRS. EMMA A. WOOD.

THE subjoined translation of an article that recently appeared in the *Revue Spirite*—established by M. Allan Kardec, the great teacher of Spiritism in France—will give the reader some idea of the prominent question at present under discussion among his disciples in Europe. Our own limited knowledge of science and the general results of personal investigation prompt us to discredit some of the views expressed; at the same time this disquisition contains much that is strictly rational, and confirmed by the observations of those who have the most intimate knowledge of the dynamics of subtile agents.

So long ago as 1849 an experiment was made in Paris and Berlin—and reported to the French Academy of Science—by which deflections of the needle of a sensitive galvanometer were produced by volition—the oscillations of the instrument varying from *thirty to fifty degrees*, according to the power of the experimenter. This curious experiment was repeated in this country by the Editor of BRITTAN'S JOURNAL. Do we not every day witness, in one form or another, the demonstrations of the power of mind over matter? Do we not also know that the most potent agents in Nature are invisible? The power that rides on the winds and beneath the waves; the force that pulsates in the earthquake and kindles the volcano—that throws up islands in the midst of the sea, or causes them to disappear beneath its surface—is it not invisible—electrical—and, in the last analysis, must it not be *spiritual—the Divine Mind operating through natural agents?*

Who shall presume to measure the extent of this power? Jesus is said to have calmed the winds and waves, and he affirmed that true men who should come after him would perform still greater works. We do not believe in the infallibility of history, and the statement may have been exaggerated. But instead of forever disputing the alleged fact, it may be profitable for the skeptic to consider whether such a power may not after all be latent in the human soul. The thunder storm that destroyed the Philistines at Mizpeh is said to have been produced by spiritual agency; and we have teachers now—widely known and respected—who confidently believe that a congress of spirits may so act on the atmospheric elements as to condense the aqueous vapors and thus produce rain. We do not know, and can not affirm, that these things are contrary to the laws of Nature. Superficial minds may dogmatize, and those who know the least will be quick to deny and the first to ridicule the idea, while wiser men veil their faces and confess their ignorance.

We find, throughout the works of Kardec, a distinction made between Spiritualism and Spiritism, the former being defined as the theoretic and dogmatic, the latter as the manifest demonstration. So the words Spiritism and Spiritist are constantly employed by foreign authors when writing on these subjects. The word *périsprit*, given to Kardec by the Spirits, is used to designate that semi-material body—the body of the soul—substantial, as Swedenborg tells us, though not material, but invisible except to those whose interior sight has been opened.

The present article is in part an answer to a letter written to the *Review* enumerating the doubts of some Spiritists in Tours, who fear that the enunciation of a doctrine so new and so open to ridicule will furnish arms to the enemies of Spiritism. Those who may be pleased to regard it as merely a curious philosophical speculation will yet find it to be highly interesting.

A group of sincere and thorough Spiritists, like ourselves desirous of seeing the continued progress of our beloved doctrine, the first steps of which were sustained by the regretted master Allan Kardec, are moved by certain theories exhibited in the *Review* touching the fluidic action of man on plants and on the atmosphere. They appear to fear that the development of such doctrines will alienate all "sincere and deliberate thinkers," and, to establish their opinion, say that "the study of this question is, at least, premature, since, if not simply utopian, it is as yet supported by no well proven fact." Then they think that the fluids being essentially volatile could not "be settled in a permanent manner upon any given point of the soil." They conclude by begging us to "leave material actions—rude business—in the domain of Matter, spiritual and fluidic things in that of Spirit."

We shall try to answer our brothers, not with the view of raising a discussion which will bring dissension among the members of the great spiritist family, but for our common enlightenment, and that we may coöperate in obtaining the end we all desire—the interests of the doctrine, and the diffusion among the masses of its consoling teachings and moral principles.

First, how can these new studies alienate serious and deliberate minds? All Spiritists know that the *Review* is, so to say, a trial ground, where the master himself has very often exhibited points of doctrine still uncertain, to attract to them the attention and provoke the reflections of adepts; so that in concentrating the result of their labors, the true teachings—based on the agreement of the communications obtained, would be brought out. He, himself, has said that this publication is, as its title indicates, a journal of psychological *studies* destined to elucidate the questions of the day. It should not then be a matter of astonishment that we here set forth doctrines that appear to be making attempts to live, but which will certainly increase in strength if they are born with

vital power, that is to say, if they are based upon data admitted by the general teachings of the Spirits. Each one among the experts in Spiritism can make such objections as are suggested to him by his personal studies and labors: these observations will always be carefully studied and answered in a manner as satisfactory as possible—with the help of our invisible guides—if their author is inspired by the desire to instruct himself and enlighten his brothers.

Spiritists sincerely desirous of elucidating their doubts will not be turned aside from the doctrine by the exhibition of those theories that may at first glance seem strange to them. On the contrary they will examine them conscientiously, making it a duty to communicate to their brethren the reflections such examination may have suggested. From this coöperation of individual labors will result, for all Spiritists, the salutary habit of admitting no new point of doctrine without having studied it under various aspects and maturely weighing the reasons for and against its adoption. Thus all obscurity will be gradually removed, and each one will have the satisfaction of knowing that he has, to the extent of his strength, contributed to the construction of the new edifice. As to the *serious* persons who make it a duty to deny all spirit phenomena, we must not expect to bring them in so easily. It will only be by the sure and incontestable services that Spiritism may render to humanity, be it from a moral or material point of view, that we can hope to reduce them to silence. They will no longer dare to cry out against our doctrine for fear of inciting against them the unhappy who have profited by it. Our duty is to pray for them that they may allow themselves to be affected and come to us, to use for our cause the talents they have hitherto employed to decry the doctrine and to throw ridicule upon its defenders. My thought is, evidently, not addressed to our honorable brethren of Tours, whose observations prove a great solicitude for the doctrine, but to those adepts who have not understood it, who are governed by prejudice and for whom the intellectual labor is toilsome.

Let us then address ourselves to sincere and earnest Spiritists, and try to elucidate with them this still obscure question of the human fluidic action on plants and on the atmosphere.

A principal point, and one admitted by our brethren as beyond cavil, is that the fluids exist, and, in a certain measure, obey the will. But in what manner do they obey? How are they put at the disposal of that imperfectly known agent, the human will? Thus, from the first step we are treading an obscure path on which we are permitted to grope our way. But before going further we must thoroughly understand in what consists the will. It is like the electric fluid, we see its effects but are ignorant of its nature. We know that when we intentionally raise our arm it is the will that makes us raise it, and that if we would keep it motionless the will would still be there to command it. It is, then, the will that makes us move that organ of the body. But how can it act on matter? This is the principal question, which if cleared and solved satisfactorily will put us in the road to the solution we seek to know: the influence of the fluidic action on the fluids of the atmosphere.

We will define will: a movement impressed by the soul on the périspiritualic molecules which lie nearest to it, and transmitted to the grosser fluid, thence to the tangible matter that constitutes the corporeal organs. When, to retain the example already employed, we wish to execute a movement of our arm, the soul gives an impulse to the spiritualized atoms that surround it, and which serving as a vehicle of thought, puts the entire fluid in motion and by it the designated organ. Such are, if we are not deceived, the essence and exercise of the will in our fluidic and corporeal domain; it is by the commandment of the soul that all is moved, it is by the medium of the périsprit that the corporeal organs execute its orders.

But the experimental studies made by scientific specialists show us that the will does not pertain to man alone: animals also are endowed with it, and this fact is established by so many experiments that we should be wanting in sincerity,

or at least it would be ill manners not to recognize it. Let us go further and, drawing a strict conclusion from observations made in Mr. Ziegler's note, let us say, that the existence of will has been verified in some plants. But then they must have a soul: truly we are obliged to acknowledge it, if we hold as exact the definition we have given of the will. Having a soul they must, of course, have a *périsprit*, since it is acknowledged that the soul can act on matter only by the interposition of a semi-material fluid as medium between tangible matter and the extremely subtile fluid which constitutes its inmost essence.

Thus the vegetable soul prepares a *périspiritual* fluid which serves it to organize the material structure of the plant, the same as our *périsprit* aids us to construct the body. Served by that instrument, it attracts to itself the ambient fluids, to decompose them, retaining in its *périsprit* the principles like unto it, and fixing in its material body the grosser elements. It is thus that for a long time science has verified the fact that certain plants appropriate the carbon, others the azote, two volatile gases which are found mingled in various proportions with the other fluids of the atmosphere. Another point equally well established by science and now beyond dispute is, that the phenomenon of vegetation brings always as its result a greater or less abundant disengagement of electricity. From whence proceeds this fluid? It is, incontestably, from the intimate combination between the first matters absorbed by the plant, and the gases that serve to organize them. To our knowledge the gases and the material substances are the sole elements that enter into the composition of plants, and electricity being, as many have supposed, an extremely subtile fluid, we must then admit that certain gases, such as carbon and azote, are mingled or combined with a principle much more subtile than themselves, which the plant being unable to assimilate allows to escape when it accomplishes its work of vegetable organization.

As we know of no fluid in the atmosphere more subtile than

the electric fluid, and that, on the other hand, the human *périspritaltic* fluid has, as yet, escaped analysis by the instruments that have verified the presence of the electric fluid, we are naturally induced to think that this last, although a degree more gross, is not without having a certain analogy with the *périspritaltic* fluid. Let us go a step further and say that the human fluid has some affinity with the electric fluid, and that it can, in certain conditions be combined with it, in such a manner as to retain the purer principles, to assimilate them and reject the grosser. Such is the conclusion to which we have been led by a strict concatenation of arguments which it seems to us difficult not to admit, if we recognize the existence of the soul served by the *périspritaltic* fluid.

Since a certain quantity of electricity is disengaged from the *aërial* molecules as soon as they enter into combination in the organisms of plants, it is evident that they must possess each one a given quantity. We believe that their constituent atoms are bound together and held in cohesion by this fluid; our guides have given us this explanation. This principle being admitted, the human action on the atmospheric fluids ceases to be a mystery, but becomes the simplest thing in the world. By the will, that is to say, by the movement impressed on our fluid, we call to us the atmospheric molecules; we grasp them by the aid of our fluid more subtle than they, and once mingled with our fluidic mass, they are quickly decomposed. The electric fluid which surrounds them enters into combination with our *périsprit* which retains the more purified atoms; the grosser particles, azote or carbon, which constituted the material part, properly so called, of the molecule, become lighter and more tractable in consequence of their disintegration, easily obey the impulse which the soul communicates to them individually by the interposition of its fluid, and are projected towards the plants whose *périsprit* retains them for assimilation.

This, it seems to us, is the rational explanation of this action of man on the fluids, an action that has been intuitively

affirmed by our brother and friend Marc Baptiste. But before we examine if it be possible for man to act on the atmospheric agents in such a way as to foresee and prevent the ravages they so often cause to our harvests and to the lives of men and animals, it will be proper to inquire into the nature of these agents and of the way in which they produce storm and tempests. If we may believe the affirmations of science, affirmations based on serious and multiplied experiments—the results of which it is impossible not to admit, electricity is the principal cause of the phenomena we are examining. It is electricity that ascends with the vapor in the atmosphere and there forms lightning, thunder, rain, snow and hail. But how can so light a fluid, the most subtle of all, whose existence we have, as yet, scientifically verified, how can it so overturn and metamorphose the fluidic masses of the atmosphere? How can a cause so feeble in appearance produce so powerful effects? This is the point we shall first endeavor to clear up.

We have said that we shall consider electricity as a fluid of very great subtilty, surrounding the constitutive atoms of the different aërial molecules and holding them in cohesion by its individual action on each. It is, if we may use the expression, like a will moved by an unconscious spring, which maintains the molecular elements in a forced aggregation as far as it is in contact with them. As soon as this exterior action ceases the molecules are naturally disintegrated and each one of their atoms is joined to the nearest of its kind. Such, in our opinion, are the inmost relations of electricity with the various principles composing our atmospheric fluid.

Science does not contradict this theory: on the contrary seems to lend it the support of its authority. In fact, from its deductions the electrical phenomena, occurring in the atmosphere, such as thunder, lightning, hail, would be called forth by the reciprocal action of clouds charged with opposing electricity. If we thoroughly grasp the explanation given by scientists, this is the way things work. When two clouds

charged with different electricity approach sufficiently near to be influenced by each other, the more subtle penetrates the molecules of the less and dissolves them by its action. In this combination each of the atoms of the dissolved fluid is grouped according to its affinities with the atoms of the dissolving fluid in such manner as to form new molecules whose aggregation constitutes a fluid essentially different from the two principles which gave it birth.. It is a kind of purification of the two fluids, one by the other, the grosser elements of each uniting and setting at liberty a fluid sensibly purified, which, on its part, is combined according to its natural affinities.

The hypothesis we have exhibited appears to us to account for the effects that accompany the shock of two electrical clouds. We perceive first the sudden light that bursts out under the form of lightning, and taking account of the distance over which the luminous fluid passes in a given time we can determine the precise moment in which the combination is effected. According to the explanations we have received from our guides, this light is produced by the atoms of phosphorus which are ignited by coming together, they are combined with each other and with the oxygen of the air when the electricity, which surrounds them and prevents their immediate contact, is withdrawn, leaving them at liberty to follow their reciprocal attractions.

After the lightning comes the detonation, which we perceive later though it is produced at the same instant, because sound is slower than light in its passage through the atmosphere. In pursuing the development of our hypothesis and referring to the observations already made, we shall say that the thunder is caused by the shock of the mineral atoms in the atmosphere in the state of volatile particles, and which are thrown against each other with a crash when they are suddenly freed from the electric fluid: if we may be allowed a coarse comparison, it produces an effect analogous to that observed when the parts of a machine requiring oil to soften

the friction, produce a characteristic creaking and end by heat and spontaneous ignition.

Before going further, and to facilitate the understanding of the considerations that follow, we think it will be useful to present some observations on our mode of regarding the atmospheric fluids and their inmost composition. According to our ideas, all the simple bodies existing in the atmosphere, oxygen, hydrogen, azote, are but one and the same substance, made different solely in its properties by the subtile fluid which surrounds each of its atoms. We have derived this conviction in a series of communications recently obtained, and which will be given to the public when the proper moment shall have arrived. Let us add that the atmospheric fluid is constituted by the grouping of elements absolutely similar to those whose union, under given conditions, with other simple bodies, forms the organized beings of the different kingdoms of nature ; with this difference, that these last principles have been separated from the electric fluid, which kept them in a state of volatilization ; in other words, they have been fixed in consequence of the elaboration they have undergone in the organs of the plant and animal. The atoms that have not passed through this transformation, blindly subjected to the influence of the electric currents, wander in space at the caprice of chance, or rather (for chance is but a word) at the will of the various natural affinities, waiting until the occasion is presented to enter into a living organism to assist in the development of the individualities that can grasp and assimilate them.

Thus the atmospheric fluid holds in suspension a certain quantity of mineral matter, whose shock produces the fearful crash we hear in thunder. The electricity being withdrawn from these atoms abandons them to their natural affinities, and they can be grouped in molecules and form agglomerations of certain volume, which are precipitated towards the earth by virtue of the laws of weight. It is thus not impossible for the thunder to fall in stones, as some country people

have truly and simply related. We have seen those who, after violent storms, have gathered broken pieces of stone in the places struck by the thunderbolt, where no such thing had ever before been seen. Science has not yet, that we know, verified the fact, and has contented itself with answering that these fragments are but ordinary meteorites.

Another consequence of the combinations of electricity with the atmospheric fluids, and one that has the most disastrous influence on the productions of the soil, is the formation of hail. We know that this terrible meteor owes its origin to the vapor congealing in the air under the influence of electricity. Our theory applies equally to this phenomenon. The atoms, hitherto maintained at a certain distance by their fluidic envelope, approach each other and unite in the most intimate manner as soon as the obstacle that held them apart has disappeared; and the electric fluid, after having momentarily left these atoms to be combined, as has already been said, returns with a more powerful energy, drawn from its increase of subtilty, encloses the new molecules, grouped in its absence, and holding them firmly united, forms of them the hailstones whose fall brings ravage and desolation to our fields.

There now remains to be explained but the last phase of this series of mischievous phenomena; the thunderbolt that destroys the life of men and animals with such terrifying rapidity. How can a combination of elements taking place at a limited distance and entirely foreign to an organic individuality, react in so terrible a manner on its existence? And, more particularly when a man or an animal is in question, how explain the proverbial promptitude of death? If the death by sideration were the consequence of asphyxia determined by the want of respirable air, the elements of which have been decomposed by the electric fluid, as one would, at first, be tempted to believe, even then the terrible instantaneousness of the fatal end could not be comprehended. For in certain cases of asphyxia, notably by immersion, persons have been called to

life four, five, and even eight hours after the accident that had deprived them of respirable air. Here, however, things happen in an entirely different manner, and we reckon very few examples of subjects having been reanimated after having been struck by lightning. From the difference of the effects we can logically conclude the disparity of the causes, and say that death of this kind does not result from the oxygen not reaching the lungs in sufficient quantity. And what confirms us in this idea is the experience that has been a thousand times repeated, of two persons shut up side by side in the same apartment, and consequently breathing the same air: one has been struck and the other felt only a more or less violent shock.

We must, then, seek elsewhere the true cause of death by lightning. In going over what we have said, we think we can give a more satisfactory solution. We have said that the electric fluid has a certain analogy with the human, périspiritual fluid, and can, to some degree, be combined with it. This is precisely what happens in the phenomena we are studying. The electrical combination of the ambient fluids being effectuated by the side of an animal or a man, can not fail to exercise some action on his périsprit, and in this wise: the fluidic molecules elaborated by the nervous system having some affinity with the electric fluid, are attracted by this mass of molecular elements whose force of attraction easily overcomes their resistance. In consequence of this sudden deviation the périspiritual fluid ceases its direct relations, and the soul beholds the tie that attached it to the body rudely broken; it escapes into space and death is instantaneous. All remedies are henceforth superfluous, for nothing can renew the link that is broken. When we succeed in recalling to life a person struck by lightning, which is exceedingly rare, it is because all the molecules elaborated by the nerve machinery have not been turned aside by the electrical combination; in such case the tie of the soul has been only relaxed, but not positively broken.

Here the same objection may be made that was mentioned in speaking of asphyxia, and it may be said : " How is it according to your hypothesis, that when the lightning falls in the midst of several persons in the same room, some are struck and others spared ? While the electrical combination to which you attribute the death has taken place at an equal distance from them all ; how has the fluid of some resisted, while that of others has been turned aside and dissolved by its action ? " We can but recognize the gravity and propriety of this objection, and should have imperfectly developed our theory should we leave it without reply.

It has been seen above what is the first cause of the molecular combination of the two clouds charged with opposing currents of electricity, it is that the subtile fluid surrounding each of the atoms leaves them to be united in a homogeneous compound. Thus, inasmuch as there exist in the molecules constituting the human fluid, atoms enveloped in electrical fluid, it is easy to comprehend that these atoms solicited by a greater number of their kind united in space, will be drawn towards the point where such combination takes effect and will be forcibly moved to take part in it. That it might be otherwise it would be necessary that the atmospheric elements absorbed by the corporeal organs should have been, in consequence of the elaboration in the nerve centers, freed from all the electric fluid that held them in cohesion, and, consequently, of all atoms purely material which entered into their composition : in other words, it would be necessary that the human fluid should be entirely spiritualized at the moment it leaves the brain to be joined to the soul to form its fluidic envelope. When the périspritaltic current, which ascends from the brain to the soul, is thus purified, we can readily imagine that the electric fluid has no longer any hold upon it, since there is no longer in it any like principles that might facilitate the combination and absorption. We do not know if we have succeeded in giving our thought a perfectly intelligible form ; we shall be pardoned for insisting on this point

in the beginning, because here is the knot of our demonstration, and also because of the subtilty of the matter that occupies our attention. This is what we wished to say : The human fluid, to become inaccessible to the influence of the atmospheric electricity, should have eliminated all the electrical particles it may have contained ; it is necessary that the purification be complete, that each atom should have been transformed by the will, in a word, that the fluid should be spiritualized. This metamorphosis is accomplished in the various corporeal organs, and in the last place in the nervous system, as in an alembic where are deposited all the material principles, such as carbon, azote, hydrogen, phosphorus, etc., so that the fluid reaches the soul purified of all the elements that have any affinity with those that compose the atmosphere. Then electricity is powerless to grasp this fluid, and it is thus we explain how of two persons together one is struck and the other spared by the thunderbolt, because the *périsprit* of one is more spiritualized than that of the other. It may thus be seen why the driver of a team escapes the blow that fells his animals to the ground.

But the deductions of our theory do not stop here. Not only does electricity lose all influence over the human fluid that has reached a certain degree of spiritualization, but it is reduced to submit to its power. This is the way we justify this affirmation, and these developments will be as the end of our labor. It is given to man to succeed by his intellectual labor and constant efforts in regard to his moral amelioration, to communicate to his fluid the necessary degree of subtilty, which we characterize as follows : all the material molecules absorbed by the organs of the body have been disintegrated by a preliminary trituration. Each atom, taken separately, has been examined by the spirit which has admitted positively into its fluid only those atoms found to be sufficiently elaborated to serve as a vehicle to the thought and to obey perfectly the will : naturally these atoms end by being penetrated by the good inclinations of the soul with which they are con-

stantly in contact. If then, in the interest of good, the soul sees fit to throw out these atomic principles that they may accomplish a useful mission, by virtue of their subtilty, they are put in vibration at the least movement of the will and fly towards the designated point. Intelligent like the soul (I would willingly say intelligenced by the soul, were the word usual) and good like it, though in a far inferior degree, they would not fail of their aim, nor do aught but what they are commanded.

To return to our hypothesis: every time the soul may direct some of its spiritualized atoms towards an electrical cloud, with the intention of penetrating its molecules to dissolve them, and, after the disintegration, to throw out again each element upon a designated order of creatures, this operation will be spontaneously effected for the reasons already given. But to act on the great mass of storm-clouds the fluid of one single man is but a small thing; it might dissolve some molecules, but would be powerless to avert the catastrophe. At the same time, if instead of a restricted number of atoms, thousands, millions, are projected at the same time towards the cloud, parting from the fluid of incarnated and disincarnated Spirits, all animated by the same intentions, the result will, evidently, become greater in direct ratio to the multiplicity of agents employed. All the mischievous molecules will be dissolved at the same time, if the spiritualized fluid arrive in sufficient quantities; all the electric fluid will be penetrated by perispiritual atoms, and its principles, hitherto isolated and thrown, by the fluidic action, towards living organisms, will no longer be able to combine with their affinities and produce disastrous consequences. The power of association between spirits supporting each other will have overcome the blind imagination of Nature—man will be master of the thunderbolt.

since we apply ourselves by constant study to penetrate the secrets of creation; let us follow with ardor and perseverance the progress of science that we may appropriate its fruits; let us all let us make serious efforts to advance

morally. It is at this price, only, that we can hope to see speedily verified on our regenerated earth this intuitive affirmation of our brother and friend Marc Baptiste, which we will call a prophetic promise: "Good thoughts purify the air: the love of God and of the neighbor give the greatest powers over the fluids."

CÉPHAS.



PROGRESS IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

BY GEORGE SEXTON, M.A., M.D., LL.D.

WHEN Mr. Connybeare first employed the term Broad Church, as a description of a few latitudinarian clergymen in the Church of England, no one dreamed that it would ultimately become so generally accepted a term, nor that those thus designated would numerically increase to such an extent as to be recognized in a few years as a great power in the Establishment. The High and Low Church parties were alone known before this time. One of these was generally supposed to be fast merging into Roman Catholicism, and the other into Dissent. The former, then called Puseyites—the idea being that they were disciples of Dr. Pusey—or sometimes Tractarians, from the famous "Tracts for the Times," issued from Oxford, have now approximated still nearer to Popery in their ritualistic services, and also in the gaudy robes with which they decorate themselves during worship. And the latter—now as then—preach extempore sermons; they advocate the doctrines of salvation by faith, spiritual conversion by the grace of God, etc., and in other ways resemble closely the so-called Evangelical Nonconformists. These two parties have, as a matter of course, ever been in violent opposition, each looking upon the other as a chosen instrument of Satan for the promulgation of damnable heresies and the destruction of the Church of Christ.

The Broad Church comprised, when first so designated, simply a few clergymen who, looking upon the whole affair of Ritualism on the one hand, and faith and grace on the other, as insignificant when compared with the great principles of love and human duty, preached what were termed good moral sermons, but entirely destitute of the saving truths of the gospel, and with a very strong tinge of Rationalism in them. These have increased so rapidly in number within the last few years, and have come to include within their party so many of the most influential men in the Establishment, that they have now become a great power in the Church, and one which is hereafter likely to influence her destinies very considerably. The Church of England must be looked upon as being now in a transition state. The present is a critical moment for her. She must either advance with the age, or be swept away as so much useless lumber, no longer capable of serving mankind. With the Ritualists and their mummeries and fooleries, playing at Popery before God Almighty, as though he could be pleased with the mere acting of religious rites—and such acting as would not be tolerated by an intelligent audience in a regular theater—and bowings, and genuflections, and millinery, and robes of all the colors of the rainbow, and wooden crosses and images, and processions of adult men resembling charity-school boys going to a funeral, and such wretched worn-out tricks, the world at large has no sympathy. These belong to a past age, and are out of place amidst the civilization and science and advancing education of to-day. Popery itself feels that it is out of harmony with the progress and enlightenment that is taking place around us, and therefore losing its influence over the minds of men; yet it has antiquity and a history, and *prestige* to recommend it, whilst this sham gingerbread thing called Ritualism has nothing but its hollow pretensions and idle mockeries to bring itself into notice. We may pass it by, therefore, without further discussion of its claims.

Of the Evangelical party in the Church little need be said. It breathes the old Puritan spirit of zeal with like Puritan intolerance. It assumes a superiority of a Pharisaical character which is ill compatible with the humility that forms the stock in trade of its pulpits. Low Church clergy and Low Church hearers look upon themselves as the elect of heaven, and in their hearts thank God that they are not as other men. They are hard-crusted on the outside, and what little goodness there may be in their hearts is completely hidden by a thick outer covering of sanctimonious demeanor. They have little sympathy with human weaknesses—less with human faults, and none with human errors. *Humanum est errare* they hold to be true enough of the unregenerate, but in no way applicable to the believer; whilst the addition of the poet, that “to forgive is divine,” they look upon as so essentially true that they leave such mercy to be shown by God, but will have nought to do with it themselves. They are somewhat numerous in the Church, as orthodox Dissenters are outside, but can only comprehend a certain order of mind. In their conduct they are, as a rule, moral; but there is a stiffness about them that makes them disagreeable to those with whom they come into contact. They are fearfully deficient of sympathy and kindness—two qualities most of all needed in the Reformer.

The Broad Church party is every day becoming more numerous and more influential. It clings to one truth, of all the most essential—the inherent goodness, or at least sinlessness, of human nature. It subjugates revelation of the past to man's conscience in the present, and holds that goodness and virtue are higher words than faith and grace. “Love is the fulfilling of the law” it looks upon as a divine truth; not because an apostle said it, but because it is in keeping with the teachings of God's inspiration in the soul of man. The Broad Church clergy by no means display that uniformity of belief to be met with in the High or Low divisions, simply because they hold this to be to a great extent non-essential.

Creeds and dogmas may, they maintain, serve a useful purpose, but can not form the basis of salvation, or stand—in the presence of God—before noble deeds and generous actions. Hence we should class in this division such men as the late Dr. Rowland Williams and Professor Maurice ; the late Baden Powell and Professor Kingsley ; Dean Stanley and Bishops Colenso and Temple—men in whose writings will be found a great difference of opinion, but an agreement on the great principles of toleration and freedom to think. Mr. Voysey is no longer in the Church, and therefore can not be classed with the party. He has much more freedom where he is, and is likely to do a vast amount of good ; but we are dealing here simply with the Broad Church party in the Establishment. Many years since Mr. Maurice was deprived of his professorship at King's College for doubting the monstrous doctrine of eternal torment—a dogma in which all the intelligent men of this age have lost faith. This was really the commencement of the recognition of the division in the Church, since called Broad. Later, there came into the field the outspoken authors of “*Essays and Reviews* ;” and still more recently have been published the ponderous but valuable volumes of Bishop Colenso.

No one who knows anything of the modes of thought—prevalent at the present time amongst the more thinking classes of the community—and the advancing tendency of religious opinion, can for a moment doubt that the Broad Church party—as it is termed—is destined hereafter to occupy a most conspicuous position amongst the religious teachers of the age. In the Church or out of it, these men will become a great power in the country. Should the narrow-minded and dogmatic Evangelicals, or the shallow-brained Ritualists, or both combined, succeed in expelling many more, as they have done Mr. Voysey, then the Church is doomed. She will not only lose her influence, but—what will perhaps be considered of far greater importance to many of those who read her liturgy every Sunday—her

revenues and endowments. A clergyman of some position wrote the following not very poetic lines :

“The good old Church of England !
She alone hath power to teach,
'Tis presumption in Dissenters
When they begin to preach.
You may take away her church,
You may take her lands away ;
But she will be the true Church,
And base intruders they.”

It is very doubtful, however, whether very many of those who now boast of her as the true Church would not lose some of their faith in her pretensions were her temporal endowments taken away and her lands appropriated to other purposes.

The only hope for the Church of England is, to open wide the doors of her ministry to talented men of all shades of thought—men who can teach God's truth from the outpourings of their own souls, regardless of sacred books of the past, or stereotyped creeds framed in a dark and benighted age—men with great hearts and lofty aspirations—men who will tell the truth as it appears to them, and will not lie “even for the glory of God.”

17 TRAFALGAR ROAD, OLD KENT ROAD,
LONDON, S.E., August 23, 1873.

PRELATES ON THE POLKA.—The *Gazette d'Italia* some time since mentioned the fact that Cardinal Borromeo danced the “Tremblante Polka” in grand style and with uncommon enthusiasm, in the great hall of Castelgandolfo, having for his partner Monsignor Pacca, at the time Papal Chamberlain. Liszt played in a fiery spirit and with such an impetuous movement that—to keep step to the music—the two prelates were in such rapid motion, and so mixed, that the separate individualities were scarcely distinguishable. The Pope has taken a dislike to Liszt, because the latter permitted his daughter to withdraw from the Roman Catholic communion for the purpose of obtaining a divorce.

MOSAIC COSMOGONY AND MODERN SCIENCE.

BY I. DILLE.

A YEAR or two ago a learned Christian friend in Cincinnati, to whom I had given the outlines of this paper, replied that he "preferred to rely upon what the Lord saith." That is the question at issue.—What has the Lord said? Shall we repose a blind faith in translators, holding them to be inspired, or may we inquire whether they were equal to their work, or whether it was possible they were not sometimes mistaken? Many learned men, among both clergy and laity, have pointed out gross mistakes and errors of those translators, and comparing Bibles in several modern languages we find they differ materially. They can not all be right.

Thirty years ago there was a bitter controversy between theologians and geologists. The former charged the latter with irreverence, skepticism and blasphemy, while the latter threw back the charge of ignorance and bigotry. But as time advanced the contest assumed a milder phase; many earnest Christians stood in the front rank of the geologists, and several leading geologists met the question in such a gentle spirit, as to disarm their opponents of much of their asperity. Hugh Miller, an orthodox Presbyterian, took the geological view of the facts, and imagined that the Cosmogony of Moses was revealed to him by a series of visions. Tayler Lewis, as a philologist, in a volume of 400 pages, argued that the six days of creation were not natural days; and Dr. Buckland, a distinguished English divine and eminent geologist, urged that the word and the works of God could not conflict, and when one seemingly opposed the other, the difficulty was in our understanding; and Albert Barnes, a Doctor of Divinity but no scientist, admitted "It is not to be held that the past in-

terpretations of the First Chapter of Genesis are necessarily true." On the other hand, Cuvier, after much and patient research, found that the Mosaic order of Creation was strictly true.

Meanwhile new speculations both in Science and Theology were advanced, and the two great contending parties split up into numerous factions, raising new questions, so that now, the old feuds are nearly forgotten, being overslaughed by other conflicts of opinion, in which opponents treat each other with greater kindness and candor, each acknowledging the other is honestly seeking after truth, and is not to be denounced for following the honest convictions of the mind.

But so long as the faith of three great religious systems of the world, the Christian, the Mahomedan and Jewish are founded upon the Hebrew Scriptures, it is a matter of no secondary interest to have a proper understanding of the teachings of those ancient books, and if it can be shown that the Cosmogony of Moses can be brought into harmony with the discoveries of modern science, that they elevate our conceptions of an Almighty, All-Wise and Beneficent Creator, another argument will be adduced in favor of the authenticity of his books. To do this, within reasonable limits, I propose to call the attention of your readers to the long-neglected work of Fabre D'Olivet.

The beginning of this century found this distinguished linguist engaged in the study of the Origin of Speech. Disdaining to follow the path of his numerous predecessors, whose speculations burdened the shelves of the libraries of the day, he qualified himself for the task by mastering all the languages, ancient and modern, within his reach. Then he ascertained First, what sounds or words of similar import were common to all languages ; Second, what sounds or words, of similar meaning, were common to a distinct family of languages ; Third, what are peculiar to any distinct language ; Fourth, the ethnological conditions of the peoples speaking the different primitive languages. This analytical method opened a

wide field of research and gave him great advantages in prosecuting his inquiry.

The next step was to choose an original language by which he might test the value of his process. There were but three before him, from which to select, the Chinese, the oldest living language, abounding in a most voluminous literature of all ages; the Sanscrit, which he found was derived from one still older, that was lost; and the Hebrew, which had been a dead language for twenty-five centuries, and only preserved through a translation into the Greek 400 years after it had ceased to be spoken. He adopted the Hebrew for the test, and strengthening himself by all he could gather from the most learned Jews, who preserve the sacred institutions of their race as a secret, he brought out, in 1815, his great work—"The Hebrew Language Restored and the Cosmogony of Moses." Perhaps no time could have been more inopportune for the appearance of such a work. Europe just then ceased from one of the greatest struggles in human history; the Bourbons were just beginning to restore their ancient dynasty; the priesthoods, with all their bigotry and bitterness, were too busy in strengthening themselves in their old positions, to look into anything that might trench on or invade the prejudice of ages; and the learned among the laity were skeptical, rejecting not only the Hebrew religion, but also its literature. The book was not to the taste of either clergy or laity. Professed Hebrew scholars were unwilling to unlearn what they had been taught, and the skeptic was indifferent whether the translation of the Scriptures was correct or not.

D'Olivet's theory is that the organs of speech are from the Creator, and he agrees, with Court de Gebelin, that the origin of speech is divine. Not that words were imparted from above, but that emotions, thoughts, affections, and wants of an intellectual being sought and found expressions from the articulate organs. The first murmurings of infant lips are articulations which enter into all languages, with words of similar meaning: as aM— Ma— Ba— aB— or aP— Pa— the

M sound in all languages signifying maternity, the female, and the B. or P. the paternal or the male, and words naturally or fancifully connected with those relations. Thus words expressed a single idea, at first, and were each a nucleus or primitive stock from which others sprung, in which the primary sound continued. Take, for example, the word *Run*, an action common to all animals, in which motion is the leading idea. The sound of *R* would enter into any other word implying motion, as in our own language, it is curious to see how many of our words expressive of movement have the prominent sound of *r*.

.When alphabetic letters were invented, a letter for each primitive sound in speech was required. Our author calls these letters *signs*, because they relate to the original idea expressed by the primary word. These signs are more obvious in the earliest languages, and more concealed in the modern. At the risk of being considered prolix I will give, in English letters, a few of his signs for the Hebrew.

Aleph, A, is the sign of power, and is found in the beginning of words signifying power.

Beth, B, of paternity, following the same rule, also the virile, interior action.

Gimel, G, of organic being.

Daleth, D, of division, or abundance from division.

He, H, of life, or all abstract idea of life.

Teth, T, of protection, resistance.

Resh, R, of direct motion.

Samech, S, of circular motion.

Mem, M, of maternity, the female, local and plastic.

These examples will suffice to give an idea of the sign.

Two or at most three signs united constitute a Hebrew root, which takes its force from the combination of the signs, and the roots united, with affixes and prefixes, constitute words. He gives a grammar and a radical dictionary by which the language can be studied.

The second volume contains the cosmogony of Moses, in

which he evidently does not solely rely upon his synthesis of the elements, but draws from other sources, as the cognate Shemitic tongues, and more especially from the Essenes, who alone retained the language of their fathers, and claimed to be the custodians of the law of Moses, with its figurative and hieroglyphic meaning, which was transmitted to them by *Kabbal*, a Hebrew word signifying passing from hand to hand. The sect was too insignificant to be disturbed by conquerors or factions, for they lived in caves or in tents and subsisted on fruits, roots, herbs, locusts and wild honey. The novitiates were required to take the most solemn vow to preserve inviolate the secrets committed to their keeping, and the most fearful judgments of Heaven were denounced against any one who revealed their sacred mysteries. When Ptolemy required a copy of the Hebrew Scriptures for his library at Alexandria, there were no Jews capable of performing the work, except from the Chaldaic Paraphrases, but the Essenes; who, in obedience to the Sanhedrim, undertook to meet the requirement, and not to violate their vows, they rendered the Hebrew words in their lowest and most material sense, and the Septuagint, thus produced, has furnished the basis of all Hebrew lexicons.

He says that the Hebrew is the language of the Thebaid or Upper Egypt, and that Moses wrote the *Sepher*, or *Pentateuch*, in three different senses, expressed by the same words, the common or natural for the vulgar or unlearned, the figurative for the learned in their literature, and the hieroglyphic for the initiated priesthood. In this, Moses, who was reared up in all the learning of the Egyptians, and having acquired all their sacred mysteries, adopted the style and manner of the Egyptian high-priests in the book which contained the religious and civil polity of the nation he was moved by a divine impulse to found; that the Hebrews, debased by a long and cruel bondage, went forth with him an ignorant, rude and turbulent people, were incapable of comprehending the sublime truths of a revelation from Deity, and could only

be led to worship God as their Deliverer and King by the manifestation of his presence and power in the working of miracles and wonders. The alphabetic characters in which Moses wrote were the Egyptian. But as the Jews lost their language in Chaldea, they adopted the Babylonish alphabet, which is the present Hebrew character. So that we have in the Hebrew one of the oldest forms of human speech, the Hamjaritic, preserved in one of the oldest alphabets of man.

He teaches that the first ten chapters of Genesis is a cosmogonical decade, in which all the names of persons, although true in their natural sense, in their higher sense are cosmogonical characters, descriptive of forces, processes and principles, natural, moral and spiritual, and the numbers, so much used in those chapters, are not to be taken in their numerical sense, but conceal high mysteries in the science of numbers, which is now in a great part lost. Hence our chronological tables, founded upon the older Hebrew history, are fallacious. He says when Ezra revived the Hebrew Scriptures, which had been lost, he purposely changed the numbers of Moses, to conceal their sacred mysteries from the Samaritans, and that the Essenes did the same thing in their translation for the Septuagint, to mislead the learned Egyptians and Greeks, who understood the ancient science of numbers.

THE PLAN OF CREATION.

Our author contends that the first chapter of Genesis is not a history of creation in act, but in plan, design, or declaring the principle upon which the heavens and the earth should be developed. This he shows by the analysis of the words used by the historian. It will be observed that we have no account of the creation of the elements of matter, but it is inferable that they previously existed, and they potentially were the heavens and the earth, yet to be developed. The word "Bareasheth," in our version "In the beginning," he expounds to be "In principiation, at the head, or in outline;" and

"Tohu, bohu," rendered "without form and void," he makes "in a potential state to be developed," for it immediately says, "The breath of *Ælohim* brooded over the face of the abyss," as working the elements into activity by the influence of forces. Then he said "Light be—and light was." He spoke not in words, but willed, and matter and force obeyed.

Let me digress for a moment here. When studying the effect of light, as an efficient agent in meteorology, the thought occurred that in Genesis, light was the first created thing, and I was curious to know what the word was, and what the extent of its meaning. A Hebrew scholar was applied to, who placed D'Olivet's book in my hands. It required no little preparatory study to find an answer to my question. I give his note upon the word.*

I have no words to express my wonder and surprise when I read this note. What! the discoveries of Huyghens, Euler, Young, and Fresnel anticipated and known, not only when Moses wrote, but when the Hebrew speech was invented! A new light broke in upon me. For thousands of years light was not suspected of being a force by all the philosophers of all that time. What was the condition of primeval man, who impressed this profound philosophy upon the simplest word which he used? There was either a revelation, or a state of knowledge far above our conception at the very beginning of that ancient language. Where did this wonderful knowledge originate? Was it of celestial origin, or did it come from the mystic schools of Egypt or Cush Dwipa? Was light not an

* "I can not too often repeat that all the words of the Hebrew are so formed as to show the reason of their formation. Take this word [אור] *aur*, light; it is derived directly from [אור] *aur*, fire. The difference between them is that in the word designating fire, it is the convertible sign [י] *u*, which unites the sign of power [א] *a* with the sign of direct motion [ר] *r*, while in the other it is the intelligible sign [י] *o*. We may go further and take from the words [אור] *aur*, and [אור] *aur* the middle sign [י] *o*, or [א] *u*, there remains the elementary root [אר] *ar*, composed of power and motion, which in all known languages signifies either earth, water, air, fire, ether or light, following the sign which joins them."

efficient instrument in the hands of the Creator for aggregating the elements of matter into the orbs of the universe ?

The plan preconceived the order of creation from chaos up to man. Let us note the order. First, universal darkness, with *Ælohim* brooding and breathing upon matter and energizing it into activity, invoking the potent means of making every atom perform its part in the great work. Light was the means. The succession of light and darkness was provided for—this was the first division, or *Yom*. Those forces in action formed molecules, and water, etc., resulted, which moved toward the great centers of the universe, upward and downward, between which interplanetary space was extended. This was the second division. The waters of the earth were gathered into their beds, dry land appeared, from which primeval vegetation arose : third division. Arrangement and ordering of the stellar universe was the fourth division. Then the waters were fecundated, and animals developed with flying creatures, the fifth division. Then was the earth quickened into the production of animated forms. Hitherto, the earth was called *Aretz*, and dry land, *Iabashah*, but in the latter part of this sixth division a new term is introduced—*Adamah*—which we may understand as a period—as the human period—including man and his cotemporaries, in the vegetable and animal kingdoms. It is the condition prepared for the advent of man. Prior to that, neither earth, nor air, nor food, nor temperature, nor companions were suitable for him. Grains, fruits and sweet grasses did not yet exist. This same distinction is preserved between *Aretz* and *Adamah*, in the account of the flood in the VII. chapter, 23 v. Both were deluged. As we shall see in the second chapter, from this homogeneous matter man was created in the shadow of his Creator. In this chapter it reads, “ We will make man in our shadow, male and female,” to rule our animated nature. Such was the plan.

The second chapter opens in our version—“ Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the hosts of

them." D'Olivet reads, "Thus was accomplished in act, as before designed in power—the heavens and the earth, and the regulating law to direct their developments." He relies upon the terms of the second chapter to sustain his assertion that the first chapter merely indicated the plan of creation, and the days were but efficient epochs or phenomenal phases, which he claims Moses announced with great precision.

Thus we see, v. 4, "Such is the type of the generation of the heavens and the earth, in the days when Ihoah displayed his creative power and designed the heavens and the earth, (v. 5) and the entire conception of nature before nature existed, and its vegetation before it had vegetated in the earth, because *Ihoah* had not caused it to rain upon the earth, and Adam [mankind] did not exist to cultivate the Adamah. (6) But a virtual emanation arose with energy and bedewed that element. (7) Then Ihoah having formed the substance of Adam (mankind), by the sublimation of the most subtle parts of the Adamah, inspired into his intellect the exhaled essence of lives, and Adam (man) became the similitude of a living soul, formed for eternity." The next verse repeats that man was created for eternity. The duality of man in the sexes had not yet existed, though in the first chapter it is said, "he was created male and female." Thus it would seem that the terms of the second chapter sustain his position with regard to the first. It has been objected that Moses nowhere intimates the immortality of the human soul, or a future state, but the etymological rules which make *Ihoah* an eternal Being make man created for an eternal existence. *Ihoah* is rendered into "which was, and is, and is to come," from eternity to eternity. Man begins in time for an eternal existence.

THE DELUGE.

The Noachian Deluge is another point of controversy between science and theology. I shall not quote consecutively the Mosaic narrative, but select passages where our

author differs materially from our version. The great degeneracy of the whole human family induced the Divine interposition to put an end to a corruption that had become universal, the contagion of which extended to all earth-born nature. Sixth chapter, verse 5 : "Then Ihoah considered that the perversity of Adam (the human race) increased more and more upon the earth, and that universal being only conceived evil thoughts from the corruption of his heart, throughout his day, entirely renounced the preserving care by which he had brought them upon the earth, withdrew from him the kindness of his heart, and rendered himself severe. Saying, "I will efface Adam (the human race) which I have created upon the Adamic, both man and beast, with the reptiles and the birds that fly in the air, for I have renounced altogether the preserving care with which I made them." This is the passage which in our version reads, "It repented the Lord that he had made man upon the earth, and it grieved him at his heart." And again, verse 7, "For it repenteth me that I have made them;" language that seems improbable from the lips of an all-wise and omnipotent Creator. (Verse 8.) "Noah, the repose, or rest, of elementary nature, alone found grace in the eyes of Ihoah. These were the characteristic generations of Noah, the intellectual head manifesting virtue and justice at that age of his life, ever employed in walking in the ways of Alohim. Shem, the brilliant elevation; Ham, the dark and hot tendency, and Japheth, absolute extension." These are the cosmogonic characters, physical, moral, civil, and spiritual, that are to regenerate the world.

"Then he said to Noah, Make thee a Thebah, a sympathetic protection."—This Thebah is translated ark in our version. D'Olivet says of this word, that it nowhere signifies a vessel which floats, and shows that the sense was first perverted in the Samaritan version, which was followed by subsequent translators. He says it was a word extensively used by the ancients, applied to a great variety of things. The earth was a Thebah, the universe also. A walled city was especially

one. The sacred city of Egypt, Thebes, which Homer celebrates for its hundred gates of brass, and Thebes, in Beotia, of Greece, are examples.

Noah's Thebah was designed to preserve the hope of the world from the terrible catastrophe that was approaching. After the animals that were to be preserved were gathered into the Thebah, on the day named, "were opened all the sources of the mighty deep, and were unloosed in the heavens the manifold forces of the waters, delivering them to their sweeping movement and upheaving; and the descent of a watery atmosphere continued to pour down forty days and forty nights."

In a note he says, "I call the reader's attention to the fact that the Deluge is not expressed by a single word in Hebrew, as the common translations express it, but by two, Maboul Maim, the great boiling up of the waters, or dilatation of the waters." And in another note, "This is that great deluge, that terrible event, the memory of which is retained by all people traced upon the whole face of the earth. If I would consult the annals of the world, I could prove from China to the Scandinavians, from the Syrians to the Iroquois, that there does not exist a people without a knowledge of this catastrophe. If I would appeal to natural history, I could scarcely take a step without meeting convincing proofs of that physical verity. But I have interdicted myself from being a commentator."

The Thebah rested upon Ararat, which he renders, the course of reflected light. In a note he says, "Here is a word which offers a vast subject of commentary, if I had not limited myself to translating. All people who have preserved the memory of the Deluge, and nearly all have preserved it, have not failed to report the name of the mountain upon which the mysterious Thebah rested. Nicolas of Damascus, cited by Josephus, calls it Mount Barris, where the Assyrian King prepared for the Deluge by depositing the archives of the world. The Greeks called their mountain Lukorius, the

luminous mount, where Durcalion rested. The Aztecs called it Olagmi. All these names have some relation to light." *

FROM HIS PRELIMINARY DISCOURSE.

"By the translation I have given of the Sepher [a book], Moses is no longer shown as the quicksands upon which Reason must founder, or the terror of the Natural Sciences. We do not see in his Cosmogony those shocking contradictions, those incoherences, those ridiculous images which furnish trenchant weapons to his opponents. He is not before us a narrow-minded man, conceiving Deity possessed of the lowest passions and purposes, ignoring the immortality of the human soul, and only speaking of the soul as flowing in the blood, as ignorant translators have represented ; but we must respect him as a sage, initiated into all the mysteries of Nature, uniting the positive lights which he had drawn from the sanctuaries of Thebes with the lights of his own inspiration. Should the naturalist inquire, he will find in his work the accumulated observations of an incalculable succession of ages, and all the physics of Egypt summed up in a few words. He may compare those imposing physics with ours of modern times, and judge wherein they resemble, which surpasses, and which is inferior. . . . In short, he will there find what the philosophers have deemed most correct and most sublime, from Thales and Pythagoras to Newton and Kant."

GEOLOGICAL PROGRESSION.

It is interesting to trace from the first the progressive forms of development, from the time when light first acted upon atoms and disposed them to concentrate into molecules, and thence into aggregations, until finally the orbs were formed and cooled, so that the minute combinations might work out organic types. The simplest of course was the first, the highest form of the plant is below the lowest form of the

* Want of space compels me to close my quotations here, though there are many other passages I hoped to include, and I have translated largely from his notes to support his rendering of the text. But I must withhold them.

animal. Much water, a little carbon, a little earth with a little metalloid, was probably the primal type of the earliest plant. It must have had an earthy base and a local home, for plants are fixed organisms. A low type of animals followed. Their origin must have been aquatic, for there were no conditions to sustain animal beings on the land. For a long time they must have concealed their heads below the waters, to avoid the poisoned air, filled with all deathly combinations. The little moss germs, however, fed voraciously upon the mephitic air. What was death to the animal was life and prosperity to them. But in that early condition of the earth, when its crust was thin, convulsion succeeded convulsion, as the plastic crust yielded to the violent forces within and to the immense pressure without. But each convulsion was a generative period. The active forces then operative evolved new types of organisms, and new dynasties came forth, unknown to the previous regimes, at each revolution of terrestrial conditions. As the change progressed, types of the coming forms are mingled with departing dynasties, until the final crash arrives, when cemeteries of older animals are imbedded in the rocks, with some avant-couriers of the new, to tell of the progress of creation.

The Silurian was long supposed to present the first remains of animal types upon the earth, but the Cambrian type proved to be earlier, and now the Laurentian lays claim to greater antiquity. From these low and simple forms, the world progressed by slow gradations up to Man. Nowhere do we find outgrowths from one class of beings up to another, but each stage seems to have been independent of its predecessors, retaining some organs of the last, but introducing others wholly new, adapted to the new conditions of life and the surroundings of its period. Between each stage there was a transition period, as the physical conditions of the world, in the new combinations of its constituent elements, in the change of temperature and the action of molecular forces became favorable for higher developments and fatal to many of the

lower. During the transition, which was one of fierce elemental strife, in which islands and continents were submerged and the seas changed places, the older types remained in some places to witness the throes of Nature in the pangs of parturition, as she labored to bring forth the new sovereign of her domain, and nurture upon her bosom the new lord of creation. When the air was sufficiently purified, Neptune yielded his sceptre, and Pluto, with fire and storm, took his throne upon the land. Huge saurians were succeeded by monstrous land mammalia, until the combinations of air and earth, plants and animals, temperature and moisture, led to the last grand transition of the Adamic period. Man with a new fauna and flora appeared at the closing of the Pleiocene, to dispute the empire of the northern species of elephants, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, hyena, ancient horse, and other nameless animals, whose relics remain to tell us they once lived.

Man came upon the scene naked, unclothed with hair or fur or feathers, and unarmed with horns or claws or teeth, to contest for supremacy with the existing lords of creation. His brain alone supplied him with capacity to seek means of defense or offense. The caverns of Bruniquel and Perigord, and the drift-beds of Abbeville, in north-eastern France, teach us how he employed his inventive faculties to meet the emergencies of his time. The general temperature of the earth was unfavorable to his high development. When the elephants grazed down to and beyond our polar circle, our temperate zones must have had a tropical heat, with great and perhaps very sudden extremes of temperature, as we find what are now tropical animals remains mixed with those of the Arctic regions. Heat and cold, storm and calm, fire and ice, chased each in rapid succession.

THE SECULAR COOLING OF THE EARTH.

All scientists agree that probably our earth was once a fiery orb, revolving, as a star in space, and that in the eons

of revolving time it has cooled down to its present temperature. When at its highest heat its volume must have been vastly greater than now. The volume of Saturn is 685 times that of the Earth, but its density is only one-twelfth of that of our planet, and its weight only a little over one-tenth greater ; so when the Earth was of the density of Saturn, it occupied only one-tenth less of space than that planet. It might then have had a crust that concealed from the spectator without the glowing heat of its internal fires. Notwithstanding all theories to the contrary, it is evident that its crust yielded to the influence of surrounding space, which is the zero of heat. At first its atmosphere was composed of all the water, with many of the metals, and all our permanent gases. No conditions existed in which organic life could develop. The compound envelope of gases, condensing in their upper surface, fell, to be returned in their original state. But in every ascent they carried off heat from the earth, until ultimately a crust was formed. That crust surged upon the molten billows, until it gained strength and consistence to be firm.

By degrees the atmospheric gases separated, the metals from gas changed to liquid and united with the crust, hardened into new combinations. Water ensued from vapor, and sought its bed in the depressions. Declining temperature increased the density and reduced the volume of the earth. The thin crust yielded to the demands, and repeated convulsions, with readjustments of surface levels, are attested by the geologic history of our globe. How often during the Silurian, the Carboniferous, the Cretaceous, and in all the divisions of the Tertiary have the lands given place to the sea, which each time made new and large additions to the crust, in marine deposits of comminuted rocks, the *debris* of older formations, with the naiada of the great deep. Perhaps, if we were permitted to examine the underlying strata of the seas, we should find the wrecks of engulfed continents, with forms of terrestrial fauna that are entirely unknown to us.

If our planet ever had a density as low as that of Saturn,

which is two and one half less than water, it must have had a diameter of some 65,000 miles, which has been reduced by the contraction of cooling to her present dimensions of about 8,000 miles. Aside from the regular and secular subsidence of heat, by the influence of vapor and air, spasmodic action from time to time has made large drafts upon her high temperature. Every volcanic issue has reduced her internal fires, just as you reduce the heat of your stove by removing the burning brands. If we would set ourselves to count the alternations of sea and land since the Azoic period, the number might amount to thousands, and every one would tell us plainly, "When this was done, the line of the diameter of our world shortened." All these contractions were accompanied, more or less, with a fracture of our earth's crust. Some places went down while others rose up. Every such change must have been attended by some dilatation of the waters. If the change was on a grand scale, the sweep of waters must have deluged large regions.

We have within our memory examples of destructive waves from very local causes. In the month of August, 1868, the volcano of Killaua, in Oahu, of the Sandwich Islands, was in activity. On the 12th, the struggle of the internal forces was unusually violent, and a series of immense sea-waves were impelled forward, which moved, by actual computation, at the rate of 150 miles per hour, thrice the maximum speed of our railroad engines. These waves were felt on our Pacific coast, from Vancouver's Island to Cape Horn, a distance of 10,000 miles, and on the coast of Peru destroyed the town of Arica, with great loss of life, and carried the U. S. war-ship *Waterlee* from her anchorage in the roads, full a mile inland, where she was a total loss. In 1854 a similar wave originated from a volcano near Simoda, Japan, and moved with like velocity across the ocean, and was destructively felt on the California and Mexican coasts. Local changes in the levels of the earth and sea are frequent during the historic period, and not a few notable ones have

occurred in our own times. Combine all these facts and considerations, and we see that a general deluge is neither impossible nor improbable. In fact, we may say that it is provable, for it is still retained in the traditional memory of man in all countries, and it can be traced over all lands and in nearly all places.

Large portions of our mountain systems present evidences of igneous origin ; in some, intrusive rocks came up, partially cooled, in others the liquid mass flowed out and cooled upon the surface. When such action took place upon the land it is very difficult to determine the age of the upheaval, and it is not always easy to settle the age of mountains that emerged from the waters, as recent deep-sea soundings teach us that our tests of time or age of rocks are uncertain. But it is clear that if we find tertiary shells anywhere upon a continuous mountain chain, that that mountain was upheaved after those shells were formed, for they were never formed upon the dry surface, nor did they creep up to where they are found. Now, in nearly all the mountains which have been carefully explored, tertiary reliquiae have been discovered, and wherever such is the case, it is evident they are of recent origin, and the adjacent uplifts of Plutonic rocks are of a contemporaneous age. Science at present can not say how much of our present dry land was pre-adamic or anti-diluvial, but we know there are many large regions that have recently emerged from the sea. Central Africa is one, including the great Desert of Zahara, where existing shells of the Atlantic are found strewed far inland, among them the *Cardium Edulis*, now so largely used for food in Western Europe. And it is evident that our American continent was divided by a broad strait between its north and south members, and they have been recently united by the uplifting of the land so as to extend the Andes to the north. The whole fauna of South America is entirely different from that of this part of the continent. We have similar evidence to show that this continent was united with the eastern, and most probably with Asia, as

the camel and other animals of that quarter of the globe have left their remains on this.

THE DRIFT.

This great deposit of earth, gravel and bowlders, of every form, extends around the globe, from high latitudes down to 40° , or 39° in many places, and has evidently been transported, as all the material essentially differs from that on which it reposes. In some places it is distinctly stratified, in others but a single mass is laid over, heterogeneously mingling erratic blocks of granitic, gneissoid trap, metamorphic and lime rocks, with occasionally bones of the Pleistocenic period, as the mammoth, the fossil horse, rhinoceros, etc.

There is, to my mind, great probability that the age of this deposit was coincident with the drifts of Abbeville and the caves of Bruniquel and Perigord in France, and of Espiluingues in the Haut Pyrenees, and of Gibraltar, in which so many human relics are found. The two former contain the bones of several distinct species of animals that have not been known to exist since the Diluvial age. There, preserved in stalagmitic breccia, those bones and works of primitive man have lain for uncounted ages, and brought to light during the last decade as witnesses of a great truth. The bowlders carried in by water, and laid over the relics in the cave of Bruniquel and gravel-beds of Abbeville, are most probably of the Drift age. With the bones of the anti-diluvial animals are found those of the reindeer, the horse, the ox, the goat, the sheep, and the dog.

In Tennessee and Mississippi I have traced drift pebbles and gravel, evidently not belonging to the lands on which they were laid, and Agassiz reports that he found evidences of drift in Brazil, which he refers to his glacial forces.

THE GLACIAL THEORY

Was proposed by Mr. Agassiz, who carefully studied the glaciers of Switzerland, and with the quickness of exalted

genius, which is generally too rapid for logic, and the careful deductions from facts, well considered, weighed and balanced, applied the same action and forces to account for all the phenomena of the drift. This theory supposes that at the close of the Pliocene, a high mountain was reared up, far to the north (and another far to the south), on which glaciers were formed, which slid down the inclined plane of 20° to 25° of grade, as they do for a few miles from the summits of the Alps, bearing with them rocks and gravel and earth, which they deposited over so wide a region, in depths varying from one foot to 150 feet; and he and his followers point triumphantly to the numerous collections of those erratic blocks, like the morains of the Alps, which are found on hillsides and on high places, as though any other means of transport, even by wagons, might not produce similar heaps of stones, and which floating ice, bearing such burdens, is much more likely to do. But a more conclusive support for the theory is what they call the glacial scratches in the bed-rocks. Now mark their theory. They assert that these glaciers all come from the north. Well, these glacial scratches point in every direction. At Dayton, Ohio, they are nearly east and west. At Sandusky, Ohio, about $S. 75^{\circ} E.$ At Stony Point on Lake Erie, Mich., they cross each other, one set running $N. 60^{\circ} E.$, the other, nearly at right angles to the first, bearing $N. 60^{\circ} W.$ At Black Rock nearly $E.$ and $W.$ The only glacial scratches I have heard of pointing nearly $N.$ and $S.$ are at Saut St. Mary. Now, I admit that on this Atlantic slope and in Western Europe the drift did come from the north, but in the great Mississippi valley, those bed-rock markings, with many other facts, indicate they came from the $N.W.$ or $W.N.W.$ But another objection meets the theory, which, to my mind, is insuperable. It is this: that if all that mass of material was brought forward by glaciers that press hard upon the ground, how did they cross the great chain of lakes without filling them up and obliterating them from the face of the earth? And how did they climb the high lands

to the south of Lakes Erie and Ontario, and deposit their burdens so profusely so far inland, and at heights of from 500 to 1,000 feet above those lakes? Do you answer, in the intense cold of that period the lakes were bridged with ice to such a height, and so firm, that the glaciers passed over them? Well, a single question will dispose of that answer. How did those glaciers make the scratches on the bed-rock near the present level of the lakes? Besides, it must have been an egregiously high mountain to have made an inclined plane 500 miles wide for such a purpose. No! the theory has to suppose so many improbable bases that it is like a castle in the air. Why, of all the snow-capped mountains in the world, but very few regularly send down glaciers.

THE GREAT STORM.

It is easy to conceive how such a storm as Moses describes could have been produced. It will bear repeating, that a large portion of our mountain systems have been recently upheaved, and that many of them emerged from the sea. In the readjustment of our surface-levels, the shrinking of the volume of our orb would doubtless be unequal. The rigid crust, when fractured, would subside in some places more rapidly than others, for it was too rigid to collapse together and sink equally. An extended plain, like that of the intermontane valley of the west, or the beds of the seas, pressing on the liquid mass, would drive it forward, and force it to seek egress beyond. The pressure would force the liquid through the crust wherever it could find a weak place, be it under the water or on the land. Burning mountains and islands issuing from the seas would throw up such vast amounts of vapor with such force that soon the overburdened air could not sustain it, and an atmosphere of water must fall like a cata-ract upon the earth. Far to the north, or near the poles, snow and hail must have come from the upper aerial regions, which would encase rocks and earth in ice, buoying them up to be

carried by the mountain waves far and wide over the face of the earth. Such floating masses following each other in quick succession would very soon make all the drift deposits that we can find. The great carcasses of elephants preserved so long, had no time to decompose before they were entombed in frozen earth or encased in icy coffins. The forests on Barings' Island, within 15° of the N. pole, had no time to die and decay before perpetual winter locked them in her firm embrace and fixed them forever.

This was doubtless the close of the last transition, when man and the animals and vegetable substances of his day were generated. It witnessed the extinction of one large family of animated nature and introduced another. Like all its predecessors, this crisis initiated a new class of conditions to sustain a higher class of beings.

EXTENT OF THE DELUGE.

Although the traditions of man in every nation and in every condition agree as to the fact of the great Flood, and traces of Diluvial action are to be found in every extensive region of the globe, yet if we are to be guided by the superficial indications, we must conclude that there are large tracts of country that were exempt from the devastations of the overwhelming cataclysm. The great Alleghany coal-field presents no indications of the Drift of that period, while the hills that skirt the north-western side of the Coal Formation are covered around their bases, and sometimes to their summits, with the *debris* of that invasion.

About two miles to the south-east of Newark, Ohio, is a high conical hill, of peculiar formation, that lifts its head some 200 feet above the surrounding hills, except two of different formation near by. I leveled, for economical purposes, a part of this hill, and, by comparison, estimated it to be at least 800 feet above the bed of the Licking river, making its height some 1,500 feet above the sea-level. This hill is like

the Nilometers in Egypt—a register of the rising of the waters. It is a very instructive column, and records the progress of time from the fucoïdal shales up into the coal formation. But its record of the height of the great Flood is useful in this connection. The springs in its sides have worn their water-courses through the hard rock, and show the depths of the ravines when the flood came, by the drift deposits in their beds and sides. There are all the strata of the drift presented, from the blue clay made by comminuting the carbonaceous shales, up through the lime drift to the granitic and gneissoid boulders to the last deposits of golden sands from, as I believe, the Rocky Mountains. The highest range of the drift line around its sides is about 200 feet below its summit, which consists of small white quartz boulders, a very rare rock in the Mississippi valley. I have never found that variety elsewhere.

THE CHINESE LANGUAGE.

This language presents internal evidence of having originated among a rude and ignorant people, who had been separated for long ages from all outside humanity. Its roots, only about 200 in number, were expressive only of natural objects connected with the wants of man in his lowest primeval condition. As numbers increased and arts were cultivated, new words were coined, based upon those original roots, and after Fohi had invented his eight Koua, literary characters, the range of mind widened, language necessarily became more copious and new signs for its literary expression, until it met all the wants of human thought. And yet that language is like a Chinese porcelain statue, which can not be moulded into any other form; it can not receive the addition of a word from any outside speech, nor can a word of its own be taken to enrich any foreign language. When was China separated from the continent of Asia? and when was it reunited?

TRADITIONS OF CEYLON.

Sir Emerson Tenant, in his "Natural History of Ceylon," states that the people of that island "possess dim but numerous traditions and legends, that at a period of infinite remoteness their island was a part of a continent, so vast that its southern extremity fell below the equator, while in breadth it extended to the shores of Africa on the one hand and China on the other." He supports this tradition by enumerating several plants and animals which are peculiar to Ceylon, and are wanting in the Drekkán. Ceylon possesses a third species of elephant, two deer, two monkeys, a number of curious shrews, an orange-colored ichneumon and various other curious quadrupeds not found in the Indian fauna, besides thirty-eight species of birds. "Professor Ansted holds that at the commencement of the Tertiary formation, while northern Asia and a large portion of India were covered by the sea, there was a continent south of India, extending south and west, connecting Malacca with Arabia." It is only necessary to add, that from the fragments remaining of that great continent have come during all the historic ages, our spices, our gums, our frankincense and myrrh, and there only is the indigenous land of the sugar-cane, and of tea and coffee.

ISLANDS OF THE PACIFIC.

Analogous to all this, all the windward islands of the Pacific, known as Polynesia, scattered far and wide over that vast ocean, from 30° N. to 41° S. lat., and from 130° to 180° W. lon., are peopled by man, of the same original ethnological stock, who all speak dialects of the same language, and although they have no tradition of the landing of their ancestors upon their respective islands, they nearly all retain dim traditionary legends of a great and destructive catastrophe by water in the remote past; and yet their dialects have varied so little during the long separation, that the Kanaka

from the Sandwich Islands has to remain but a short time in any other island, even to New Zealand, 5,000 miles from his birthplace, to be able to hold free conversation with the people. To what conclusion does this lead the mind? To one of but two alternatives, either that their remote ancestors were colonized by a nation of better navigators than all their posterity, down to the close of the 15th century, or that during the human period, the bed of the Pacific was submerged from a continental level to the trough of an ocean, and those islands, or many of them, were mountain summits to which a few people fled and survived the catastrophe. I will not undertake to decide which is the truth.

In view of all these facts, it is probable that the Theba of Noah was not the only ark of safety for the preservation of seed to replenish the world during the Adamic period. In all this period we know of no new animal or vegetable creation. The whole present furniture of the world began with man, and with him survived the great cataclysm. Some species have become extinct during the historic ages, either by the destruction of man, or the ceasing of the physical conditions on which their existence depended. So it was in all the past. During the quietude of all the long geologic periods no new type of organic form appeared. It was in the transition from one cosmogonic age to another, in the overhauling of affairs, the time of cleaning up of the old house, casting away the rubbish, remodeling the rooms, that the new furniture was provided and the mansion prepared to receive its new occupants. The cosmogony of Moses is by no means in conflict with science, but it gives to science a sure and substantial basis by referring the origin of the universe to an Almighty and All-Wise Creator.

And are we to suppose that his work is complete in the production of man in his present imperfect state? Man—the noblest and the basest, the wisest and the weakest—the kindest and the cruelest—the most conservative and the most destructive of all creatures of all time? Is this the highest

effort of Infinite Might and Wisdom? No, I can not believe it. Man may be the type of God's most perfect design; but he is surrounded with conditions unfavorable to the highest development of the type.

But the analogies of the past authorize us to forecast the future. We know it to be a law of Nature never to turn back, never to repeat a dynasty, and that whenever the ruling dynasty exhausted the means favorable to its existence, it came to an end, but the progress went on. What the predecessor consumed and wasted was the life and subsistence of the successor. In our present state of imperfection we are probably in the lower stratum of the Adamic age. It becomes us, then, to measure the resources of the earth for the perpetuation of our race, with its teeming millions. Food and warmth, clothing and protection from the sun and weather, are primitive and indispensable requirements. Have we indefinite supplies for indefinite time to meet those wants? No! The resources of the earth are all inventoried and the report made. We can specify the acres of soil yet to be wasted by improvident tillage—of our forests, that are disappearing as before a conflagration—the extent of our coal measures, the exhaustion of which is but a question of time. Already the complaint is heard that all our fisheries are unremunerative, from the scarcity of commercial fishes, from the mackerel to the whale, and, what is more, desiccation is increasing over large areas of the land. What then? Has the end come? Is God's purpose with the earth consummated? Is our planet to wander, tenantless and inanimated, as a dead star through space?

No! This grand Flotilla of the universe was not launched into the sea of infinite space, without a compass, without a chart and without an admiral. It was not produced by a series of fortuitous events, which, like Topsy, "was a little baby and grewed." But it came into existence under the fiat of Infinite Wisdom, submissive to a law that is certain and for a purpose that is sure. The secret of that sure purpose

is revealed in the geology of our little ship—the earth. The manifest purpose from the beginning was progression, and the end glorious. The upward steps of all the past assure us that a higher destiny still awaits the world. We now waste and destroy, but to prepare conditions for an advanced and more worthy lord of creation—a higher type—one that will not represent his Maker by a mere outline, or the darkening of a shadow, but one that will reflect His image by the brilliancy of his intellect—the loftiness of his soul—the purity of his heart—the skill of his hand—and, withal, the gentleness and benignity of his character.



ANOTHER LIFE REVEALED.

WE have not only the conscious realization of an indwelling principle endowed with vitality, intelligence, and progressive proclivities, a disposing faculty, and an organized identity, but some extraneous evidence from fellow-beings constructed like ourselves, and certain anticipated ideas of our own, together with direct proof observed by ourselves, that our consciousness is not annihilated, not obliterated by a thorough intermingling with the immense ocean of vital and mental principles. However near the verge of actual demonstration the deductions from theory may graze, they have never been able to satisfy all the demands of skepticism, which requires undoubted revelation. That requirement has been developed. It has opened an avenue through the partition-wall of this life and its posthumous continuance; and the manifestations displayed through the same have convinced thousands of doubters and confirmed the confidence of thousands of believers.

VOL. I.—33

THE HEAVENS.

BY HORACE DRESSER, LL.D.

VAST concave ! what deep mysteries are thine—
Canst tell us wherefore into being came,
And how upheld in azure depths thy frame,
All set with beauteous gems that gleam—outshine
The diamond treasures of Golconda's mine ?
Art thou the seat of gods, as ancient Fame
Reports—thou course of spheres and comets' flame ?
What beings dwell in those far worlds that beam
Throughout the wide expanse of endless space ?
Are they Divinities, or, like our race,
Weak men whose lives appear but as a dream ?
Blue canopy ! immeasurable seem
Thy bounds to us who view thy fulgent face—
The empyrean where the stars have place.

The heavens declare thy glory, God—the Sun,
Arcturus, bright Orion, Pleiades,
The starry hosts, the firmament—man sees—
Show forth what glorious works thy hands have done,
And own thou art alone the Almighty One—
Thy Speech forever maketh known, in these,
Through all the realms of space, thy wide decrees.
These orbs are tongues of thine, harps of thy choice,
Whose sound hath made the music of the spheres,
Since Time began his circuit of the years—
They have no speech, nor language, words nor voice,
Yet sound thy praise through earth—the heavens rejoice :
How blest is he who hath the tuneful ears
To catch the harmonies of worlds—who hears !

CHRISTIANITY AND DEMOCRACY.

"DANGER TO THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC."*

BY S. B. BRITTAN.

WE are utterly opposed to so much as an implied recognition of any man's religious creed, either in the fundamental law of the land, or otherwise in the statutes of republican States. So far, at least, we are in intimate sympathy with the author's purpose in the preparation of this book. To be true to itself and to the noble principles of its founders the government must accord equal freedom to all classes of persons, and afford the same protection to all systems of religion. This freedom also implies the right of the citizen to discard, *ad libitum*, all the forms of religious faith and worship. Among a people composed of all tribes and nations the ideas of the Divine nature are as various and contradictory as the phases and aspects of the human mind and character. Hence the proposed recognition of God in the Constitution is neither more nor less than a proposal to give legal sanction and authority to the one particular conception of God entertained by those who thus seek to influence and govern the legislation of the country.

Those who are familiar with the history of Jesuitism are quite likely to take alarm at the first attempt to subvert the liberties of a people under the pretext of honoring God and advancing the interests of religion. We should exercise a calm judgment in the discussion of such questions, and be slow in determining the motives of many who are engaged in the movement Mr. Jamieson so vehemently condemns. But

* "The Clergy a Source of Danger to the American Republic, by W. F. Jamieson. Second Edition : Chicago : Published by the author : 1873."

a grave political heresy is not the less dangerous to the State and to Liberty because it has been baptized in the name of Jesus. The wolf that finds his way into the fold in the disguise of a lamb's skin will not scruple to show his teeth when he is hungry.

Now, whatever may be the motive of those who would have God formally recognized in the American Constitution, it is easy to see that such a proposal is pregnant with mischief. As strict equality of rights is an essential principle in our government, it follows that the Jew has the same claim as the Christian to have his God enthroned in the Constitution. It may indeed be assumed that Judaism and Christianity recognize the same God. Without inviting controversy on this point, at this time, we may remind the reader that the difficulty does not terminate here. Our people are not all believers in Moses and Jesus. The Pagans from the polytheistic temples of all countries have a similar claim to representation, especially the heathen Chinese—now a large element in our population. Where rights are equal Brahma may be worshiped and the religion of Fo must be respected. If it is proper, under our institutions, to have the object of worship expressly recognized in the Constitution, why may not the Chinese worshiper express his god to the Capitol, and there burn the odoriferous goss-stick under the nose of his idol? If there are any Asiatic Tartars among us, they may apply for the recognition of the Grand Lama to finish the Magna Charta of our rights. It is certain that we have in this country a multitude of sciolists—negative savans and “positive philosophers” (?)—whose religion is a kind of hylotheism, their god and worship being nothing better than a hypergalvanic force and a superior function of matter, which would neither adorn nor strengthen the Constitution.

It should never be forgotten that the attempt to govern too much may be as fatal to our institutions as the suspension of rightful authority. It was the imperative demand for rational freedom—for *religious freedom*—that gave this continent to

civilization. We can not believe that the country will renounce the settled policy of a century. Our legislators can never so far misinterpret the national will as to forge for us the chains of a religious despotism. The enthusiasts of the "Young Men's Christian Association" may memorialize the Lord and Congress, but they will pray in vain. The American people have not forgotten the traditions of their fathers; and they are too familiar with the bitter and bloody persecutions of past ages to tolerate any legal or illegal interference with their religious liberty. The inalienable right to worship in one way or another, or not at all, as the individual reason and conscience may dictate, will be preserved, whatever may be the consequences to the bold and insidious enemies of universal freedom.

But we are not so sure that Mr. Jamieson's method of dealing with this question is, in all respects, best suited to promote the object he has in view. Any misstatement, or distorted representation of the views of our opposers, to their prejudice, not only indicates a want of candor and the exercise of a just discrimination in the discussion of important questions, but it imperils our chances of a popular verdict on the right side. No matter what may be the nature of the contest, the spectators—who have no special interest in the issue—like to see "fair play." Even in the prize-ring, where men are not presumed to be governed by a very nice sense of justice, the man who strikes a "foul blow" is ruled out, or the palm of victory is awarded to his antagonist. If the umpire, in a struggle so unworthy of our manhood, is thus governed by a certain principle of honor, verily those who contend in a higher arena, and for the noblest principles, should be careful that they do not tarnish the weapons of their warfare. If we aim at the triumph of truth and justice, our indictment against an offending party will be precisely drawn, in accordance with the facts, and we shall neither allow the imagination, a temporary enthusiasm, nor a passion for victory to pervert the testimony of the witnesses.

In the opening address "To the Friends of Civil and Religious Liberty" the author says :

"Christianity is not only foreign but antagonistic to American liberty. Either Christianity or a people's free government must fall !"

This assumption does not indicate to our mind the possession of any very clear or profound ideas of the Christian religion. There is a spiritual philosophy in the teachings of Jesus, and a divine nobility illustrated in the record of his life, or we have studied the subject to no purpose. These must be comprehended if we would either correctly interpret the one or form a just estimate of the other. The assumed incompatibility of the Christianity of Jesus and the principles of a true democracy is not fairly sustained ; nor does the course of reasoning pursued in this book render it even apparent. If we may judge from the manifest spirit of his teachings, and the imperfect details of the evangelical biographies, Jesus was a bold, just man, who took independent views and fearlessly criticised the men and manners of his time. He never recognized the assumed authority of priests, and princes, and he counted as nothing but dishonor and shame

"The thrift that follows fawning."

Jesus was a *communist*. He and his disciples had a common purse, and not one of them had exclusive property in anything. He was a more illustrious democrat than Thomas Jefferson. His strong and manly sympathies were with "the common people" who, it is said, "heard him gladly." The rich and pious aristocrats of the time stigmatized him as "a friend of publicans and sinners." So kind, indeed, was he to the inferior classes—without regard to such distinctions as are predicated of individual character—that he fed the poor who were recognized as following him for "the loaves and fishes"—in other words, from personal and selfish motives. So gentle was he—both in speech and manner—to an aban-

doned woman, that he was accused of consorting with harlots ; and so manifestly were his teachings at war with all kingly prerogatives and priestly rule, that he was openly accused of disloyalty to the government, and of serving the infernal purposes of foul demons. Jesus was a bold, free thinker, who suddenly came out of the humble obscurity of a manger and a carpenter's shop in a despised province—he came into the temple to argue with men learned in the mysteries of the Jewish law and religion, and to dispute with the Rabbinical masters of the synagogues—and he taught his disciples to “call no man master,” but to recognize all men as brethren. And is this the man whose teachings are alleged to be subversive of “a people's free government” ? Yes. This man of the people and servant of his kind, who fed the poor, encouraged the weak and healed the sick ; this childless man who yet fondly folded “little children in his arms and blessed them ;” this teacher of great moral principles and purposes, who with calm severity reprov- ed the dominant classes ; who uncovered saintly hypocrites, demolished old traditions and consecrated shams ; and, in the interest of truth and humanity, assaulted every “refuge of lies”—this true patriot and loving friend, who—in the fulness of his compassion—even wept over the doomed capitol of his country, and whose tears of manly sympathy moistened the fresh grave of a poor friend—is here arraigned and his teachings condemned as dangerous to liberty ! Yes ; this great Commoner whose unselfish virtues are yet matchless in authentic history—this radical Reformer, who was so warm, tender and universal in his sympathies for mankind, that even in the last moments of mortal life and agony he prayed for his persecutors—this man, strange as it may seem, is the teacher whose religion is said to be ‘antagonistic to American institutions’ ! Those who entertain such views may well despair of the Republic. If the time shall ever come when the American people, blinded by their ignorance, prejudice, bigotry and infidelity to all rational principles, can no longer

recognize the essential nobility of such a nature and such a life, then there will be nothing left of our institutions worth saving, and even the grave of Liberty will have been desecrated and forgotten.

But it may be assumed that the Bible and the history of the Church contain many things that justify the author in the use of the language we have quoted. On this point we have formed a very different opinion. The Bible may contain much that is intrinsically false; a corrupt church may be pleased to wink at iniquity, and its ministers may sanction many vile abominations; but it does not thence follow that Jesus is an impostor, or that he is any more responsible for the existing wrongs than any other good and true man; nor does it appear that these evils are to be charged to the influence of his religion. We should as soon think of ascribing the frauds of political rings, and the scalping of Christian Commissioners by the Modocks, to George Washington and the Declaration of Independence, merely because these vile abominations occur in this country and under our democratic institutions.

It is also to be observed that the Bible is a miscellaneous collection of historical records, biographical sketches, mysterious prophecies, spiritual experiences, inspired poems, pious proverbs, scraps of sermons, personal correspondence, etc., written by men in different ages, countries and languages—under various forms of government and religion, and with only occasional and vague references to any idea of mutual relation or unity of purpose. By an arbitrary arrangement of councils, translators and publishers these are all printed and bound together; and it is only in this respect that they sustain any intimate relation whatever. In the bond that unites these incongruous elements there is nothing stronger than the fibers of sheep, goat and calf skins, except it may be in the addition of metallic clasps. Naturally enough in such a heterogeneous collection of papers, derived from sources so various, everything good, bad and indifferent, in the tradi-

tions of dissolute and wandering tribes, in national institutions and individual conduct, may not only be sanctioned, but, here or there, both approved and condemned. But do these incongruities determine the character of Jesus and the principles of his religion? No; never. The blameless life, the practical religion, and the spiritual worship of that pure and profound SPIRITUALIST, who came out of Nazareth to be "a light to the Gentiles" and "the glory of his people," must be separated from the cunning depravity of false prophets, the gross materialism and disgusting sensuality of cruel tyrants, hoary polygamists, and princely debauchees who had no respect for either personal integrity or distributive justice, and no faith in immortality.

It must be conceded that the Christian church fosters the prevailing ignorance and keeps up the confusion by recognizing no proper distinctions, in respect to the characters of the different biblical writers, the several degrees of their mental illumination, and the probable sources of their inspiration, respectively. Thus by claiming the same divine sanction and authority for the whole—the Oriental Love Song of Solomon, with its sensuous thought and voluptuous imagery; the passionate and pensive lays of a penitent adulterer; and the pure ethics of Jesus and John—the mind that is imperfectly poised is often led to reject all, and, perhaps, left to wander in the wilderness of a barren skepticism. But must we follow such examples? If Christians are so shamefully ignorant and so sadly warped by prejudice and false education, that they can not exercise an intelligent discrimination in such matters, we, at least, should be capable of forming a more dispassionate and enlightened judgment. Surely, no fair and logical reviewer—looking at the subject from the high stand-point of the Spiritual Philosophy—will attempt to obliterate all such important distinctions. True, they may escape the observation of our "blind guides," but such distinctions in the mind, are but the recognition in things, of differences that are both fundamental and eternal.

We are the more inclined to give some space to a review of Mr. Jamieson's work, not merely because the author may exercise considerable influence in the direction of popular thought, but rather for the reason that his book serves our purpose as a text for some observations which are intended to have a more general application. We trust that no one will imagine that our strictures are prompted by any personal considerations or unfriendly feeling. It is the duty of a candid reviewer to rise above all such incentives. But we must frankly express the opinion, that we have among us many persons who assume to write in the interest of Spiritualism, but so far miss their aim as to damage the cause they desire to serve. Of course we do not expect any man to do his appropriate work after our method. We appreciate independent thought and recognize the strongly-marked individuality of the author.

But we must also illustrate the independence we so much admire in others by a free and honest expression of our own convictions. We can not afford to be uncandid in our treatment of the subject, since unfairness toward an author is injustice to the public. We write with the more freedom because we know that every really enlightened man prefers severe criticism to indiscriminate indorsement and fulsome praise. We have known several people whose words were not true indices of thought and feeling; who were far less amiable in expression than in fact; and we are all liable to form erroneous judgments of such people. Nor can we always get at the real spirit of an author by our limited psychometric perception. Claiming no divine or infallible source for our impressions, we may here venture the observation that portions of the work under review are characterized by no small degree of asperity. Something like a feeling of hostility shapes the thought and tempers the expression. The author's fiery zeal needs to be modified by sober inquiry and a deeper insight into the philosophy of human nature. His analyses of the views of others are too

impetuous to be always just, and his judgments appear to result from spasmodic action rather than deliberate reflection. Let us cite other illustrative passages from the work before us. The following is the title of the sixth chapter :

“OUR COUNTRY OR RELIGION, WHICH?”

“Religion in general has rendered human nature worse, by everywhere exciting enmity between the members of the human family. It has always been an uncompromising foe to mental freedom. Its blood-stained history shows it to be an infuriated beast. Experience has proved it to be safe only when chained.” (Chap. VI, page 109.)

“From a close observation of facts I am led to believe that more young women are wrecked under the influence of religion than in any other way.” (Page 266.)

If we apprehend the import of the foregoing extracts they distinctly imply, that our Country and Religion can not long exist together ; that the existence of religion is a chief cause and unmistakable evidence of human depravity ; and that religion—especially in the experience of young women—is a principal road to ruin ! We believe this is a fair summary of Mr. Jamieson’s views. If it is not, the reader will be able to correct us by referring to the precise terms of the author, as quoted above. This statement does violence to our reason not less than to our reverence. By common consent Religion is a universal principle or constituent element in the composition of human nature. In all climes and countries ; in the savage state, and in all stages of civilization, man is a religious being. His temples and altars exist in all lands, and in every period of the world’s history Religion has exerted a controlling influence in man.

The author does not appear to distinguish between Religion, *per se*, and those abnormal manifestations of this principle in human nature which naturally occur when it is left to act in conjunction with the selfish and destructive passions. By his sweeping verdict he would have Religion, even in its superior

forms, obliterated from the face of the earth. He treats the subject as if he conceived of it, not as an integral element in human nature, but rather as something unnatural and terrible that has found its way into the constitution of man since his creation. From the foregoing passages it would be natural to infer, that it is regarded as a most dangerous form of eruptive disease, communicated by inoculation from designing priests. If this were really the true view of the matter the author's attempts to eliminate the virus would require no justification. But if, on the contrary, Religion is an important element in man, and absolutely essential to the completeness of his nature, it will appear that Mr. Jamieson is carrying on a controversy with God and Nature, and that if he could succeed in destroying Religion he would disorganize the soul. In this view of the subject he boldly attempts to impeach the wisdom of the Creator in using such mischievous and explosive elements in his noblest work as must inevitably endanger all the interests of society. There is a singular complexity in our author's characterization of Religion. He speaks of it as "an infuriated beast," that must be kept chained; as a seductive influence, that leads "young women" to ruin; and as a modern Titan, come to wrestle with Liberty and to overthrow the great Republic.

It is conceded that in the history of the development of religious ideas and institutions incidental evils occur, often of a startling and terrible character. Mr. Jamieson does not seek a remedy for these wrongs in universal education; in a more complete and harmonious development of human nature, and otherwise in improved conditions of being, moral and material. It does not occur to him as possible that the religious sentiment may ever be tempered by mutual love, and its manifestations regulated by a higher wisdom. He rather looks for relief in an arbitrary and total *suppression* of Religion. An ignorant people, strongly imbued with this very feeling, would inevitably become persecutors. Failing to get rid of religion by any species of medication or evisceration they would soon

find a pretext for securing safety by chaining that "infuriated beast;" and then what would become of the religious freedom of mankind?

In the adoption of the policy of suppression we should at once discount our intelligence and war against Nature and Reason. The suppression of any normal faculty is both unnatural and impossible. Would you palsy the strong arm because it may be used in acts of violence? Will a sane man stop his ears from fear of recognizing a discord in the world; or pluck out his eyes because they may lead the mind to the contemplation of sad scenes and gross deformities? Would you have the world struck dumb because base men utter lies and blasphemies? Shall we sacrifice Reason—that holds the balance of the mind—because it has been abused and perverted by some men, and is still so feebly exercised by the many? And can we afford to dispense with the godlike power of Imagination—the creative faculty of the soul—because some people, in whom it is not developed, are hallucinated and indulge in wild reveries? Such reformers would pluck the plumes from the eagle and make of him a sober dunghill fowl! They would extinguish the fire of Prometheus, annihilate Poetry, Music and all the sublime creations of Genius and Art—merely to

"Scatter the idle dreamers of the time."

These faculties are all essential to the normal constitution of the human mind, and last of all could its integrity be preserved in the absence of the religious principle. The imperfections, errors and abuses which have hitherto characterized the religious life of individuals and nations, neither warrant the assumption that religion is an evil in itself, nor do they diminish our estimate of its immeasurable power and divine importance in the economy of human nature. Were it even possible to separate this mysterious force from the faculties and affections of the mind, we should at once disfigure and

destroy the humanity in man ; interrupt all his higher relations, and forever limit his pursuits and aspirations to the ephemeral interests of time and sense. Indeed, the faculties that chiefly distinguish man from the inferior animated creation are those that make him a religious being. While the religious life of a people can never be reasonably expected to rise far above the average level of human development and refinement, it is still true that the faculties constitute the crowning glory of his nature. They especially occupy the coronal region of his brain. Thus, from the very dome of the spirit's temple, they feel after invisible realities—peer into the opening heavens, and lay hold on immortality.

Let us here select another brief passage from the text of the author's argument.

“Need we be astonished at anything the clergy may do? Their religion licenses them to commit all sorts of crimes. If some of them are good citizens, it is because they are less influenced by their religion than their human nature.” (Page 298.)

It is not without strong provocation that our author handles the clergy with great freedom and severity. The manner of his treatment is bold and aggressive, evincing little respect for the members of the profession and a very sparing reverence for the assumed sanctity of the ministerial office. The reader is neither invited to a dress parade nor a holiday entertainment. It is not a pleasant review, but it is a pitched battle. Moses and the Prophets, unable to stand their ground, disappear in the distance, and we fancy the Apostles have a sorry look. The tents of the modern saints are demolished ; their leaders are pursued into their camp, and the man with the long arm and naked lance strikes with relentless energy.

If this chastisement shall have the effect to humble the false pride of a numerous class among the clergy, and thus render them less dogmatic and arrogant in the exercise of priestly authority, it may be a useful lesson. But our observation

and experience do not warrant the expectation of any such result. We apprehend that the people who most deserve the punishment are too wise in their own conceit to profit by these stern reproofs. They are far more likely to denounce the author of this vigorous indictment as a graceless infidel and bold blasphemer. Whilst they may weep in view of the dark and devious ways of their brethren, they will be more likely to feel the force than recognize the justice of Mr. Jamieson's work. He has fearlessly lifted the vail from whatever was most shameful in their lives. The Nemesis of Grecian story was a woman ; but she scarcely pursued the proud and insolent with a more inflexible determination than our author displays in following the watchmen in Zion that he may bring them to judgment. His summons is not syllabled in the air, to be speedily forgotten among men. No ; but he has assumed the office and performed the function of the recording angel, (messenger) and so their deeds of darkness are embalmed in his book.

But when our author affirms that the religion professed by the Christian clergy "licenses them to commit all sorts of crimes," we are bound to dispute the statement, and to protest that Christianity—not any form of sectarian theology, but the religion of Jesus—*sanctions no such thing*. By this wholesale method of impeachment the noblest characters are defamed, and the grandest truths unceremoniously buried beneath the *débris* of old systems and mythological traditions. Is this the proper business for the Reformer of to-day ? Does not the occasion impressively suggest some nobler occupation, worthy alike of the time and of the great unwritten philosophy of the Spiritual Reformation ? We care not whether the truth be taught by Zoroaster, Confucius, Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato, Jesus, Paul, Mohammed, Swedenborg, Channing, Parker, Davis or some other man. If it be the same in fact and essence we are equally bound to respect it. Moreover, we never attempt to determine the value of truth by a mere reference to the name of the speaker or writer, but accept it

on its own authority. We settle all such questions by the more scientific method of quantitative and qualitative analyses.

Now while the multitudes must have the truth prefaced by a "Thus saith the Lord," and indorsed by the Christian fathers of the Church, we are, at the same time, unpleasantly reminded that we have a *peculiar people among us* who, on the contrary, prefer to take the truth from ancient Pagans or modern Infidels. They speak very well of Brahma and Vishnu, the first and second persons in the Hindoo godhead; they scarcely object to the whole mythological trimurti; they are in love with the Vedas; at the same time they caricature the Jehovah of Moses, ridicule the Christian trinity, and discount the New Testament. They have only taken the contract to "run a muck" against Jews and Christians; and so they rend the mantles of the Prophets, criticise the Sermon on the Mount, as the impracticable utterance of a pious enthusiast, and poke fun at the epistles of the chief Apostles. They give audience to the teacher who will most loosely interpret their freedom, and seem ready to believe in anybody who does not believe in anything in particular. They suspect the virgin Mary, dispute the testimony of St. John, swear by their own particular medium, and traffic in the

"Fustian of thoughts and words ill sorted."

The author has been industrious in collecting information from many sources, a portion of which possesses real interest and a permanent value. He illustrates the subject of his treatise by the citation of numerous testimonies from politicians, statesmen, and distinguished persons of other classes. He even drafts the clergy whenever he can turn their services to a practical account in his battle against the church. His fierce logic is a kind of broad-sword exercise, that at once impresses the enemy and causes stragglers to fall into line. The Government uses Indians in fighting the Modocs and other savages; and why may not our author employ such natural and obliging ministers as Henry Ward Beecher in his pursuit

of the clerical cohorts? The corroborating testimony of free and easy Christians is very good and ought to have weight, notwithstanding Mr. Jamieson in some measure invalidates that testimony by his rather sweeping denunciation of the whole profession.

It will be observed that portions of this book have but a remote bearing on the main question at issue. More than fifty pages are devoted to a republication of the newspaper evidences of ministerial mischief, illustrated by the numerous cases of seduction of young women by their religious teachers. Those men are not guilty of treason against the State, but against God and humanity. They corrupt the innocent and make hearth and home desolate. Hence it is private virtue rather than the public safety that is imperiled by the presence of these "wolves in sheep's clothing." This part of the work under review is dreary enough, and we can not resist the conviction that the author should have suppressed all such details in the interest of public morality.

The surface of the earth is clothed with beauty and daily illuminated; but the light of day is not permitted to shine into the foul precincts of our common sewers. The guardians of the public health do not allow us to uncover our sinks and cess-pools lest the air we breathe should be contaminated. The dead are buried out of sight that the rapid chemistry of decay may not endanger the living. But we have yet to learn that the moral resurrectionist who perpetually uncovers the sinks of iniquity—who lifts the veil from secret chambers, and exposes the disgusting details of lechery and crime, likewise corrupts the social atmosphere, and thus endangers the moral health of the community. Such work is not at all suited to our taste. There is something in it even more repulsive and hideous than the opening of old graves, and the rattling of the dry bones of the dead.

It must be admitted that both literature and art perform thankless tasks when they only show us deformity. We prefer to take our wife and daughters to the Picture Gallery

or the Opera rather than to the Morgue and the Anatomical Museum, where foul diseases and fungus developments are exhibited in wax to morbid curiosity-seekers. We neither want corpses nor skeletons for our companions; and we would leave the effete remains of the dissecting-room out of the photographic album.

The writer was some years since acquainted with a distinguished American Artist (now deceased) whose pictures were at once so admirably drawn, and shaded with such exquisite delicacy of touch and manipulation, that they were often compared, in their delicate beauty, to the figures of Raphael. It was a peculiarity of this artist that he would never paint a face in which the supremacy of the selfish and destructive passions was apparent. He entertained the idea that every form of grossness and image of sensuality served to corrupt popular feeling and thought, and—by a subtle power of moral assimilation—to lower the standard of human character. So firm was he in the conviction that whatever is ignoble and base in human nature should be kept out of sight, that he would never prostitute his rare gifts for money. He left the poor scene-painters of the world to make clouds and daub the darkness while he dipped his diamond-pointed pencil in the sun, and only touched the canvas that Beauty, in outward forms, might live and be immortal. We honor the name and memory of that man in a degree that we can not express. We accept the reason in his words and the clearer and deeper logic of his love. For why should even the semblance of imbecility and depravity be preserved? Why should coarseness and vulgarity have a perpetual license for exhibition? Why give deceit and lust a place in the cabinet and portfolio, and leave moral deformity to look down from gilded frames on succeeding generations? Rather let their images perish from the world, and be blotted out of human remembrance for ever.

ANTE-NATAL IMPRESSIONS.

BY ELIZABETH L. SAXON.

I HAVE been told by some *modest* people that ideas on such a subject as I have chosen should not be generally expressed, and that observations in this direction should only be made by medical men. I deny this assumption. Women are the builders and creators, under Providence, of the human frame; and until men and women alike learn the laws of Nature and Life—boldly and freely learn, with reverent hearts and a desire for all good, they will continue to send forth monstrosities of mind and body to fill prisons and asylums. Every deep abiding grief; every angry emotion, is in a degree daguerreotyped on the minds of our unborn children. Many a man and woman have sent into the world a thief or a murderer, and all after efforts to fashion a better character have proved futile, and will hereafter until woman's power is known and understood. I go back of the "Line upon line and precept upon precept," and say that the evil begins in the hour a mortal body and an immortal soul are conceived. We dare not longer excuse ourselves under the plea that a just, overruling Providence orders all the details of human conduct, and hence that the most terrible crimes are but the reflections of his will. We will find hereafter that crimes proceed, in many instances, from ante-natal causes, and that individual character is only influenced in some limited measure by the subsequent training.

For over twenty years I have paid close attention to what are denominated "*birth marks*," and I hold that if a woman is capable of marking her child physically she has the same power to influence and determine its mental and moral peculiarities. It is absurd to admit that she can mark the body,

and yet assume that she has no similar power over the mind and character. In this particular direction we should look for the most comprehensive reform. Here is the opportunity to achieve the greatest success. Here lies the power of woman for causing her seed to "bruise the serpent's head"—a figurative and scriptural representation of sin, which is another name for ignorance. Here we discover the meaning of those fearful words—"Visiting the sins of the fathers on the children to the third and fourth generation of them that hate me and will not keep my commandments." The careless look on the surface, but the thoughtful comprehend the deeper meaning of these words.

I knew intimately a cultivated woman who married a man of equal culture and refinement. He was gay and convivial, but not then more dissipated than two-thirds of the men we meet. Their first three children were well-nigh perfect in body and mind; the fourth had a deformity of the cheek. This child was conceived and born after the husband became intemperate, had delirium tremens and was beastly in his habits. The fifth child had no mouth, and lived only two days; the sixth was hideously deformed, and fortunately was still-born; the seventh was blind, but it lived. The time must come when women will discover that the obligation they owe to the children they bear is not less important than fidelity to their marriage vows, and then they will refuse to bring into the world the offspring of drunken fathers.

Whilst our scientific men are studying the habits of fishes and reptiles, and inquiring where these deposit their eggs, and how those produce their young, the grand drama of human conception, birth, life and death is played out unregarded. They spend months and years in finding the age of the remains of organized bodies—shells and bones unearthed, or cast up by the sea—while the proofs of infinite realities—the boundless capacity and limitless life of the soul—are lightly treated, and the subject classified with idle vagaries and popular superstitions. While they sneer at the rights of

woman, and overlook her power for good or evil, she is opening her receptive soul either to divine or hellish influences, which must flow from her nature down the stream of life. We now regard lunacy with but little more horror than the measles or whooping-cough, it has become so common ! Is it asserted that children begotten in drunkenness, and conceived and gestated in the delirium of ungovernable lust, are not more liable to be thus afflicted than are the offspring of parents who are pure in feeling and temperate in their habits ? Such an assumption contradicts our reason. Can we wonder at the rapid increase of nervous diseases, when boys of six years smoke and chew, and like veteran toppers call for a "brandy smash ;" and even gentlemen walk the streets with ladies holding a cigar in their lips ? Twenty-five years ago such a sight would have shocked the common sense of propriety.

One can almost excuse the maddened and desperate women, who have turned so defiantly to face and expose the hideous wrongs done under cover of marriage and respectability. Indeed, this very respectability may have sealed their lips, and bade them suffer a living death. Let only the pure, spiritualized nature of woman be free to develop itself, and she will educate men up from the low plane of their carnal life, and thus help to usher in the millennial dawn, of which we hear so much from priests and poets.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

THE FINE ARTS.

THE Fine Arts, in our judgment, constitute one of the chief refining instrumentalities of the age, and, indeed, of all ages and countries. There is a redeeming power in the forms of Beauty, and every great artist is an apostle, whose inspired thoughts live in marble types and pictured symbols. A fine picture is an illustrated commentary on the curious, living and glorious forms of Nature. It is an impressive sermon against all brutality and grossness. Even a Barbarian would blush to think of offering human sacrifices to Venus or Apollo, and it would be morally impossible for a coarse man to look at the Graces every day for one year and remain an awkward clown. An original picture may be at once a painted poem and a fervent prayer for the pure and the perfect. Then let the artist preach his impressive sermons from the silent walls of your dwelling. Give place to his pencil sketches of his ideals, that all who cross your threshold may read in the beautiful language of form, color, light and shadow, his commentaries on the Invisible Perfection.

Such teachers should have a place alike in the cottage and the palace; in the Common School, in the halls of Science and the temples of Religion—wherever children are conceived, born and educated; where young men make up the programme of life, and where the aged sire

"Gathers the drapery of his couch about him,
And lies down to pleasant dreams."

It is not necessary that every picture should be the artist's *chef d'œuvre* in order that it may exert a refining influence on the common feeling and sentiment of the people. In Painting and Sculpture, as well as in Poetry and Music, the public perception of beauty must be educated by degrees, and the taste formed and corrected by a frequent inspection and comparison of many examples. Whoever furnishes suitable opportunities for the development of the æsthetic sense and judgment is a public benefactor.

S. B. B.

The Editor at Home.

OUR TIMES.

WE must regard the period in which we live as the most remarkable in the history of the world. The best practical philosophers, and the keenest scrutinizers of the times are completely nonplused as to a proper name and analytical definition. The golden, iron, pastoral, and dark ages were terms applied to periods that were soluble—eras distinctly featured by some one, strong characteristic; but ours has none such, and hence does not admit of so easy a solution. Should we call it the progressive age, it might seem to imply that in all past time the world stood still. Nor will the suggestive, inventive or diffusive age answer our purpose, since these are all too narrow to embrace and too weak to express the scope and spirit of the times.

Of this fact, however, we are quite sure—we live in an age of *Rapid Transitions*. The constant changes present us with more than kaleidoscopic variety. Without the aid of Darwin we perceive that, not long ago, we were in chrysalis—in the grub state, in respect to our intellectual development; to-day imagination takes wings and we revel in a higher and more illuminated atmosphere; what or where we shall be to-morrow the day will determine. So rapid and startling are the changes that there is no longer any fixed science, or ultimate results in the specific methods and forms of art. We scarcely wait to let an invention or discovery cool, before it is tossed into the great alembic in which all things are tested; when, suddenly, new and more beautiful shapes and radiant colors are developed. The solid ores and heat-resisting gems are found by our new blasts soluble as wax. Well may the miser tremble for his coins, lest by some rare device they are proved to be counterfeit, or are converted into vapor and spirited

away. "Touch and take;" there is no other safe motto. If we wait to deliberate, we miss the opportunity. A weekly balance-sheet in every man's hands determines what shall be his next step. To the right or left is a chance while we are on one leg. We sleep and wake, scarcely knowing whether the starry heavens have not shifted altitude. We are like rapid travelers, and our lives are as various of incident as though we were on swift revolving wheels.

Not only domestic utensils—our corn-mills and wooden plows; churns and cheese-presses change with the fashions; but the spirits of law, logic, philosophy, and religion all shift their phases almost as suddenly and mechanically. We learn to feel, think, and act mercurially; personal interest is our thermometer. The daily news-record is the rope at whose end we all dangle; or, to change the figure, it is the fulcrum with which, and the strong lever of the human will, Archimedes might have overturned the world. It matters little that he died young—*young*, we mean, in the ages—his levers and capstans, his wedges and screws have been improved by those who *made a place to stand on*; and the small world in which he lived has been quite overturned.

Those were wonderful toils of Hercules; but he wrought only with his hands—with physical force—against lions and monster hydras. We kill off all that brood while we repose in the easiest armed chair. Hercules lived at a proper time and died safely for his fame. Our age, prophesied by Sir Thomas More, would have transcended Utopia itself. Fictions, in the brains of madmen and visionary poets, are statistical as compared with our amazing array of facts. What are the enchanted valleys of Rabelais, with ærial Bucentaurs carrying peasants suddenly transformed to kings, especially in a country like our own? On our broad republican soil we are *all kings*. At the age of twenty-one years every man goes to his coronation, and he is left to put his crown on his head or under his feet, as he honors or dishonors his own manhood.

Where now are those hazy, lazy, midsummer ages, when the world went backward to count its tracks in the sand, and to see if they were all precisely alike? for to have made one wry mark were sign potent of the evil one. Those were days of steady, plodding toil, and nights of sweet repose, when faith was handed down from father to son, when reverence was begotten, creeds transmitted in the blood, and men were guided by infallible oracles—Spirits of the past! where are ye, with your psalms, canticles and incantations—your stern, fixed, and changeless humors.

The times are an imperious tailor, shifting their cut and fit oftener than the approved Paris fashions. An idea must be embraced while it is fresh and warm; a theory pursued in its incipency; an invention appropriated at once, or it is of no avail. As well put your new clothes away for the moths, as *wait* to enjoy our times. One or two thousand patent washing machines, registered at Washington, the last the best, and utterly annihilating its predecessors, ought to open the eyes of any practical man. To each a day and a night, and then they may as well be transferred to the lumber-yard or to the wood-pile. But what we lose, the World—with its hands full of saws, chisels, screws and hammers—must inevitably gain. We must seize the present hour and play into each other's hands. The only sign of superiority—involving merit, fortune and place—consists in striking oftener, surer, and harder than any other man.

The age is eminently practical, notwithstanding it changes color like the prism. It consults the interests of man; or rather, in it, man consults *himself* and looks after his own interests, it may be in improper directions. Humanity has turned agrarian, and is lifting itself, as it were, by its waistbands, up out of old conditions. Never were men so necessary one to another as now, when our wants are rapidly multiplying, and we are all becoming measurably equal. There must be reciprocity of service, kindness, trust and faith, or nobody will be properly served or well treated. In this

strange and tremendous transition the injustice of the distinctions of caste and color are swept unregretted away by the oblivious tide. How softened and subdued the once haughty tone that made common people tremble ! " Come, if you please," is the modified rendering of the old "*go and do.*" The mountain peril that stalked up, dark, grim and threatening, before the betrayal of unwilling obedience, has dwindled to a sand-hill, over which little boys fly kites, and hunt summer swallows.

The boor's face is not so stupid as of old. It lights up, ever and anon, with a dim consciousness that he, too, has more than a tread-mill machine part to play in the curtain tending of this world-moving tableau. An imbecile can not live among wise men, nor can the rudest soul walk among flowers continually, without perceiving, if but through the eyes of others, their worth and beauty. In past times wise conferences were held aloof from diggers and delvers. The images of grace and beauty—still likened to flowers—whether of Art or Nature, were carefully walled in from vulgar eyes by those jailor monks, whose cowls were not blacker than their scowls ! Now, the garden-plot is wider spread, and the gates are open ; the aromatic odors climb up their airy way, leap over the wall and pervade the common atmosphere. The roll of the curtain requires too many hands and eyes, to keep the heavenly secret of " good things enough for all " any longer pent up. There are no more common men, in the sense of the earlier centuries. Even servants and slaves, clowns and clodhoppers, are pensioned with real or honorary titles of men.

Sad as this change must be, and is, for those who have kept the world's guardianship so long ; yet great is the joy of the freed and new-breathing millions, who, while they were bowed down, made little or no complaint. We have the elements now at our will. The wind cannot stay us, nor the sea ; the air yields to our tread, and the mountains melt and whirl at our command. Our feet are planted in high places ;

our hands are springs of steel ; our breath is steam, and our brain lightning. If we fail to make the elements servants, as they have made us slaves, it will not be from want of guiding reins, and whips, and spurs.

As this is a practical age, in which man considers *himself*, we do not build the towers, temples, and pyramids of the ancient time. There are no longer "hewers of wood and drawers of water" to upheave the colossal walls for a penny a day—as when St. Peter's rose into a wondrous and age-enduring monument. Men are wiser grown ; they work from nobler impulses and for more rational ends. No longer shall men fatten deserts with their blood, that tyrants may be deified ! The spirit of the age is lifting the vail from the human mind, and the treasures of knowledge now discover themselves in the name of God common blessings. The fathers of science and philosophy descend from the heaven of wisdom to touch the souls of sluggish men. Musty tomes, full of rapt visions of ancient prophets and bards—resting in soul close by the celestial gates, repeating songs of a diviner life, heard through the loops of Angeldom—dance down from their starry thrones—to break the barbaric clasps—fetters of knowledge, that they may gladden a world-wide multitude of yearning hearts and aspiring minds.

The Nineteenth Century has opened a great theater of human activities, wherein every 'live man who knows how to demean himself in good society, every profound thinker and true worshiper—if he will—may have a place and a part before a very large and liberal audience. The free man will not come here to be confined in the stocks ; the strong man will not be put on a low diet ; nor will *any man* have his sphere of thought circumscribed by a narrow yard and high walls, such as might determine the limits of another sectarian institution. The woman who has warm and tender sympathies for suffering humanity, need not come with a fashionable vail on her heart, nor will any noble soul, inspired with living thoughts and angelic affections, be expected to dress for

a masquerade. Certainly not. This is not the old entertainment with a late date and a new programme. Nor is it a new clerical "steeple-chase," where religious bigotry and theological conservatism ride backward to their own perdition, and honest men undergo social martyrdom for their thoughts and opinions.

We have something better in our time. And what is to be the climax in this fast-moving and ascending scale shall puzzle sight-seers with keener eyes than watch the heavens for newly-discovered worlds and suns. The earth once subdued, its mountains cast down, and waste-places lifted up—as there is, in our ways and means, more than visionary promise—and there is only left the law of LOVE to be enforced, to link hearth to hearth, hamlet to hamlet, nation to nation, until the Eden of Nature is restored, when

"Man in the sunshine of the world's new Spring,
Shall walk transparent like some holy thing."



GENIUS AND EDUCATION.

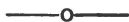
THE rare power and felicitous combination of faculties and passions which we denominate genius, is not yet represented by any very precise and satisfactory definition. Genius, however, may be as truly a natural product as anything in the realm of macrocosmical existence. The naturalness of an object or an event is not to be logically inferred from the rapidity of its multiplication, nor can a preternatural origin and character be predicated of infrequency of occurrence or singularity of development. The greatest extremes, in respect to capacity for action, are comprehended in the scale of Nature. The sloth with difficulty crawls three yards in an hour; but the wild goat of the Alps even throws himself one hundred feet and instantly finds the center of gravity on the sharp ledges and slippery peaks of Chamouni. The

modest violet adorns the humblest pathway, and the wild rose blooms on every hill-side ; but these are no more natural than the century plant, that only once sends up its huge stalk and displays its splendid corolla to the sun in a period of one hundred years.

We may possibly fail to discover the laws that determine the mental and other characteristics of distinguished persons ; nor can we always trace the subtle forces of the mind, in their intricate operations on the organs and functions of being. We may not uncover the ultimate springs of thought and feeling, nor comprehend the dynamics of imponderable agents. How far our lives are influenced and our earthly destinies determined by super-terrestrial causes, is a curious question among speculative philosophers ; and to what extent we are the unconscious instruments of superior powers, it is not given us to know. But of one fact we may be assured. The highest distinction in any of the superior walks of life can only be achieved by close application and patient labor. The natural powers may be of the highest order, but their complete development and harmonious action must depend on earnest thought and thorough discipline. The faculties we seldom use are dwarfed in their growth and enfeebled in their capacity for constant exercise and vigorous effort. True, we hear of certain natural geniuses that require no study to give them superior strength and lasting eminence ; but we never chance to meet them in our intercourse with men. We know there are—here and there—uneducated persons of peculiar temperaments, whose natural coruscations appear like pale auroral flames ; or they flash like fire-flies about the temples of Science and Art. These are not the stars that rise and shine in the intellectual heavens forever. They are the *ignes fatui* that flit through the lower strata of our moral atmosphere—meteors whose sudden incandescence ends in a cold and desolate eclipse, leaving no record as an incentive to the living.

The requisite conditions to the development of genius may

be inherited. They consist in part of a fortunate blending of the several temperaments, and the consequent physical and moral combinations; in a peculiar cerebral conformation, and a nice adjustment in the involuntary application of vital forces to the corporeal instruments of thought and feeling; in extreme susceptibility of impressions from the subtile principles of the natural world; and in the delicate sensibility that determines the sympathy of the soul with the realms of universal intelligence. But while these primary combinations exist by Divine ordination, and the essential principles and conditions are implanted in the very rudiments of our being, it is, after all, only by the proper education of our faculties that the fortunate possessor may ever reach the goal of the highest ambition.



SPIRIT AND ART OF POETRY.

IN a general sense a poem may be said to be a metrical composition; but rhyme and rhythm are not essential to the existence of true poetry. Verse is not the sole language of its essential spirit, but only its incidental adjunct. Hence, the highest poetry may or may not find expression in the melody of speech. Considered merely as an art, poetry requires not only a nice perception of metrical harmony, but the ability to recognize and trace the most intricate lines and technical distinctions. The great artist must necessarily comprehend the laws of poetical conception and construction, and he must be able to produce the various artistic combinations and effects which belong to this department of literature. If, however, all the higher poetic elements were comprehended in the mere art of versification, much of the sublimest poetry would fail to answer the definition.

The faculty which is chiefly employed in poetry is Imagination, or the creative power of the mind. As the office of

poetry is rather to create than to copy or transcribe, it follows that one must break away from his relation to material forms, arbitrary customs, and all the ordinary facts of history if he would achieve the highest distinction. He must rise into the ideal realm to develop any of the more striking effects of poetic thought and expression. Lord Jeffrey in his analysis of the constituents of true poetry, and the pleasure it inspires, finds those elements to consist in the excitement of passion, the play of imagination and the qualities of diction. But the common reader, in judging that to be the best poetry which affords him the greatest pleasure, may, in some important sense, be nearer the truth than the critic who proceeds to separate its several elements, and to expose the larger and smaller defects which may be found to characterize their superficial aspects and existing combinations.

But the highest elements of poetry may exist in a state of sublime independence of educational discipline and the mere graces of a scholastic style. Savages are often eloquent in a high degree, and the finest dramatic effects are frequently developed in the speech and action of little children. Lord Jeffrey further says, "the end of poetry is to please." Aristotle in his rules of comic composition admits the expression of humorous ideas and the excitement of the ridiculous to a place within the realm of poetry. If we are to respect the authority of the ancient philosopher of Stagira, we may find the elements of poetry in the strong contrasts and ludicrous aspects in which truth and error are exhibited by many humorous writers.

We have no quarrel with the respective proprietors of pentameters and hexameters. The *dilettanti* are at liberty to insist on the most accurate arrangement of all the mysteries of anapestic, dactylic, spondaic and trochaic combinations and measures. We have a great respect for art and artists, and if those gentlemen can even determine the contents and value of a woodpile by metrical instead of cubic measure and the multiplication table, we make no objection.

EDITORIAL ETCHINGS.

I.

THE BOSTON UNIVERSITY.

THE new Boston University commences its operations this year with Schools of Theology, Law, Medicine, and Oratory, a College of the Liberal Arts and a College of Music. The energetic spirit of its trustees and their ample endowment profitably invested, which it is said will in a few years amount to about ten millions of dollars, give ample assurance that it will not be inferior to any American University, however old or distinguished. We have high hopes of its future from the indications it already exhibits of mental independence. In establishing a School of Oratory and a College of Music, it has stepped in advance of its contemporaries, and in its Medical Department it has ignored the Papal infallibility of Old-School Physicians and appointed a faculty who recognize the value of Homœopathy. In the chair of Physiology they have had the good fortune to secure the services of Prof. Buchanan, the only American Physiologist whose labors have thrown much light on the mysteries of the nervous system of man. Under his teachings the Department of Physiology will be the most fascinating portion of medical science and the richest in its contributions to medical philosophy.

II.

UTILITY OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

WE are not of the number of those who either estimate the importance or determine the value of all possessions and interests by their tangible relations to the vulgar idea of utility. We believe there are many valuable things not included

in the price current, or the last inventory of our worldly possessions. The men who build cities and navies ; who open mines and establish commerce ; who construct railroads and telegraphs, and such as plant corn and cotton-fields, are all useful. But life presents other interests, pursuits and objects, while Humanity has other necessities, desires, and functions. Some are duly commissioned to cultivate the flowers, to sing the songs, and write the philosophies of the world. If you insist on seeing the commission we must point you to their own natural inclinations and endowments. These constitute the only divine authority, with the seal and signature of the Almighty. There are ministers of Use and Beauty whose work is of inestimable utility to our souls. They labor to mould us into the image of their own glorious Ideals. They are the peaceful rulers who sway the scepter of the Divine Harmonies over the conflicting and noisy elements of human passion and worldly interest.

III.

THE CHILD AND THE LESSON.

WHILE traveling in the South—some years since—we met a little girl eight years old—a radiant child with azure eyes and sunny hair—whose sweet voice and smiling face were like music in the morning. She seemed irresistibly drawn to the writer, and the attraction was certainly mutual. We learned her brief history from an elderly lady who accompanied the child. The family lived in New Orleans, but both parents had fallen victims to the Southern pestilence, and this beautiful child was left to the fostering care of an uncle. She was too young to mourn, and we felt thankful that the angel of the deep sleep left no shadow on the fair brow when he invited her natural guardians to the repose of their last slumber.

That laughing child was to the heart of a father, far away from his home, an inspiration of natural beauty, of innocent

affection and sparkling joy. Those who do not love children have but a questionable title to an immediate heaven hereafter. The unclouded light, the spontaneous feeling, and the demonstrative warmth which characterize the young, while yet the heart is unoccupied by fashionable follies and conventional deceptions—serve to dissipate the darkness of years ; and we feel the frosts which many winters have gathered about the heart dissolve away in their presence. They touch a yet deeper chord, and recall the memory of treasures we have laid up where the rust of this world can not corrupt, and where the thieves that rob so many of the hopes and graces of the heart and life break not through and steal.

IV.

PANORAMA OF A JOURNEY.

WHAT a world is revealed in a journey of one thousand miles ! It requires about forty-eight hours to unroll the great picture with its innumerable creations of Nature and Art—forms animate and inanimate—before the eye and the mind. The picture moves before us with a rapidity proportioned to the powers of steam. At every stroke of the piston, tangible forms suddenly appear, as if a magician had called them from the earth and atmosphere ; while with each succeeding revolution of the “driving-wheels,” they vanish like phantom-shapes that dissolve in air. True, the same heavens bend above us all the while, and from every point of view we may read their starry revelations. But the objects of the lower world come and go in rapid succession ; and in our kaleidoscopic observations they are all the while presenting many startling changes, and the most picturesque combinations. Every moment the scene changes. New forms appear in the distance ; others flit before the vision for an instant—glide impetuously away—are dimly seen in remote perspective, and then lost beneath the shadows that hover along the confines of natural vision.

V.

GOD IN THE SOUL AND LIFE.

THE breath of the Infinite fans our vital fire, and God everywhere touches the conscious soul. The man is spiritually asleep who does not realize this contact—he is *dead* who is not inspired. We are quite right in this last remark, since inspiration, from *inspiro*, signifies to breathe; and when men cease to breathe they are said to be dead. Let us rejoice that the gods speak to whom they will. The voices of the Angels may for a while be mistaken for common thunder, but they will be understood at last. We are constantly immersed in a broad, fathomless sea of subtile elements and spiritual forces, and thus the Divine life and intelligence interpenetrate and encircle all. When the hidden life of the spirit is translated into the outward forms of speech and action, the God-nature is revealed in his rational offspring. The proper work of the moral artist is to develop the Celestial Life on earth, and thus by a kind of moral *altorelievo* to show us the divine image in Man.

VI.

THE SOCIALISTIC CARNIVORACITY.

THOSE who believe in the god of gregarious instincts and licentious affinities, and are accustomed to reduce their religion to practice—chiefly in the basement story of human nature—are reviving the ancient worship according to Moses, who does not appear to have been improved in character by his last reincarnation. The most acceptable offerings appear to consist of bulls and rams. Just now the whole atmosphere of their temple has an aroma of flesh, and one is reminded that “there is death in the pot.” The great social science(?) stew simmers, and seethes, and smokes, while its foul savor goes up from the altar, day and night, before all

men. It corrupts the air of Christendom and is an offense in the nostrils of the heathen. The flesh-worshippers, who believe in unlimited freedom of speech—as well as of every other function,—will not of course feel *incensed* at these words of the scribe.

VII.

THE MARTYRDOM BUSINESS.

WE shall soon have abundant materials for another Book of Martyrs. In former days, when the world was not so much progressed, it was presumed that a martyr must possess a certain elevation of thought, dignity of manner and exaltation of spirit. But in these days we economize and use cheap materials and methods. We contrive to do a larger business on a less capital of heart, and brain, and character. We have a lively market, and there are frequent opportunities for individual enterprise. We discover a great ambition to win the crown either by getting into the fire, into hot water, or into the mud ; it matters not which, since the modern aspirants seem to be quite indifferent as to the nature of the element.

Well, so long as knaves and simpletons are ambitious to serve in this capacity, we can afford to acquiesce, and thus save our sensible people for other and more vital purposes. The victims may each select his own method, and make his quietus in a manner best suited to his peculiar tastes, either by throwing himself from a broad platform against a solid wall, by crawling into a filthy sewer, or by drowning in a frog-pond. Is not this a Republic, and are we not all free ? What a glorious thing it is to live where one may act like a fool, and enjoy the liberty of being a slave to his passions ! The modern trinity is “the world, the flesh, and the devil,” of which the worshippers are quite numerous just now. Who comes next ? “O tempora O” *Moses !*

FOREIGN SPIRITUAL INTELLIGENCE.

THE ENGLISH POET AND LECTURER.

BEFORE this number of the JOURNAL is delivered to our readers GERALD MASSEY, the English poet and orator—already on his way to this country—will have arrived in New York. He comes to fill professional engagements, and will lecture on several popular themes, not omitting (we presume) the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism. Like all true poets he recognizes the existence of the invisible realm of spiritual causation, and the presence of inspiring agents whose subtle substance and organic forms are only recognized in the conceptions of genius, or otherwise made visible to the quickened sense of the soul.

In the September number of *Human Nature*, Mr. Massey speaks for the poets to the critics, in some epigrammatic lines from which we extract the following :

You are disappointed with my work ; ah, true,
It was not meant, my friend, to mirror you ;
The only thing on earth you care to view !

Am I, too, such a miserable elf ?
Do let me look you in the face, my brother,
'Tis only in the mirror of each other
That we can see the littleness of self !

* * * * *

You had no power to crown me with the bay ;
You could not reach to snatch one leaf away ;
But you may rob my little ones of bread,
Helping to damn the Book you have not read.
Be proud ! that is no trivial thing to do.
Be safe ! there is no law for thieves like you.

* * * * *

You take, so far as you can reach, my fruit ;
Eat it ; cut up the giver branch and root,
And fling your dirt at me ; which I endure
Because another crop will need manure.

Far down below the surface my soul drew
 The breath whose bubbles only rose to you !
 And you must sound the depths ere you can mark
 The things that I have dived for in the dark.
 It is not possible for pearls to swim
 With the light bubbles breaking on the brim.

Not only as a poet but also as a lecturer Mr. Massey has acquired an honorable distinction. The English journals not only recognize the fact that his style is popular and his presence magnetic, but they bear unanimous testimony to the great ability displayed in his lectures. He has made many friends in this country by his fearless and rational advocacy of Spiritualism, and we bespeak for him a most cordial reception.

HOW WE LOOK AT A DISTANCE.

OUR readers will naturally like to know how the JOURNAL is received abroad, and especially what opinions are entertained, in respect to its peculiar character and merits, by the scientific and literary classes of England. Possibly some one may think we are selfish in giving publicity to the complimentary judgment of Dr. Sexton ; but it has occurred to us that—since we have some friends who are deeply interested in the success of our enterprise—our selfishness might be rendered no less apparent by concealment ; in other words, by keeping exclusively for home consumption the moral support and encouragement afforded by the following brief but very cordial epistle :

17 TRAFALGAR ROAD, OLD KENT ROAD,
 LONDON, S. E., Aug. 23, 1873.

DEAR DR. BRITTAN :

I have just seen, for the first time, your most admirable JOURNAL, and I feel that I can not resist the inducement to send you a line congratulating you on its appearance. The high tone of the articles inserted, the great ability displayed in the Editorial Department, the superior get-up of the entire work, and the *prestige* of your own name in connection with it, will cause this new Quarterly to mark the commencement of a fresh epoch in Spiritual Literature.

We in England are, I fear, a long way behind our brethren in America, in spiritual matters, and the appearance of BRITTAN'S JOURNAL will tend, very considerably, to increase the distance between us on the great highway of Spiritual Progress. Still we are not jealous of the advancement you have made, but will en-

deavor to use the fact as stimulus to increased exertion on our part, in the great work in which there is so much to be done, even yet, before the grand truth of Spirit Communion becomes universally accepted.

Wishing you every success in your noble undertaking,

I am yours in fraternal love,

GEORGE SEXTON.

The distance of our Correspondent may possibly lend something like enchantment to his view of spiritual progress in America. We have reason to lament that there is more apparent activity than real advancement among our people. They keep their eyes wide open—comprehend some things, but have no time to apply their principles. We can not here speak of occasional examples of unusual growth in all the gifts and graces of the spirit; but we must confess that the great spiritual community of this country has not advanced in proportion to its opportunities. We are unpleasantly reminded that among professed Spiritualists some phases of motion or action are merely the development of blind and unreasoning forces; and that much of our spiritual activity is but the absence of a sublime repose of the soul; or, what is worse, the restlessness of unsettled principles and convictions, and the promptings of a vain ambition. But of course these evils, whether real or apparent, are to be expected in the earlier stages of any great movement that shakes the old foundations and touches the secret springs of our individual and social life.

A MINISTERIAL MEDIUM.

WE learn from the September issue of *Human Nature* that Rev. F. W. Monck, LL.D., formerly a Baptist clergyman in Bristol, England, has of late developed remarkable powers of mediumship, and has thus been led to abandon his creed and embrace the pure faith and profound philosophy of Spiritualism. On the evening of Sunday, August 24th, he delivered a discourse in Cavendish Rooms, London, a report of which appeared in the *Medium and Day-break*. We extract the following paragraph from his introduction:

Mr. Monck chose for his text the fourth verse of the fifth chapter of Matthew—"Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." He prefaced his sermon by remarking that last week he and Dr. Sexton visited Mr. Shorter, editor of the *Spiritual Magazine*, and while in conversation, Mr. Monck saw a child

climb up on a chair and amuse himself in a very happy manner. He asked Mr. Shorter if the child were his, when it was replied, "No, nor do I see any child; and if there be one, it must be a spirit-child." In moving about Mr. Shorter nearly trod on it, but Mr. Monck caused him to step aside. Mr. Monck then heard it said, "This is Henry," and then he saw it tumble off from somewhere, and flounder about in agony, and die as if in convulsions. Then the scene faded away. Mr. Shorter then said that he had lost a dear little nephew some years ago, whom he loved very much. He had tumbled from a bank, and got drowned, very much in the same way as had been described by Mr. Monck, and his name was Henry. Then the father of the child entered the room, and it was seen again to climb upon his knees. When the mother entered it went to her also, and she declared that she felt its touch. Dr. Sexton, who is a very extraordinary seer, as well as orator, looked in a crystal and saw a person open a book like a Bible. He perceived that it was the fifth chapter of Matthew. He could not tell the verse, but the matter was the text which he had just given out. He thought the incident so singular that he determined to take it for his motto that evening.

MYSTERIOUS PHENOMENA.

THERE are examples of what appear to be electro-photographic representations, or images of human forms and of figures that become visible and invisible without any apparent cause. These have attracted attention in France, and are attributed to spiritual agency. In the front of a small house in Poix, during thunder-storms, since June, 1872, there has appeared—on the right side of the door—the figure of a man with an arm extended, and pointing to the opposite side where there are columns of figures as shown in the accompanying diagram.* These figures, or drawings, are represented as
 1 2 3 4 5 6 & remaining from five o'clock in the afternoon until
 1 2 3 4 5 6 & nine o'clock in the morning, when they disappeared
 1 2 3 4 5 6 & under the rays of the sun. In September—when
 Z the strange signs had not appeared for a season—the proprietor had the house painted a color resembling stone; but to the astonishment of the people in the place, the signs were reproduced as the painter proceeded with his work, as if an invisible hand

* A very intelligent lady who resides at Washington, D. C., assures us that similar pictures have appeared on a window of the old Meade house in Washington—residence of the late Commodore Meade. A female face, sad and beautiful, looking out above a male head, which sometimes and for some persons has the face visible. When our informant saw it the male head was bowed—the face could not be seen.

had made them under the brush. The mystical characters were yellow, and hence presented a marked contrast to the color employed by the painter.

It is said that a somnambulist medium at Toulouse—who had no knowledge of the facts described in the preceding paragraph—was employed as an instrument in giving some explanation of the mystery. The sleeping seer had a vivid picture of the signs presented to him. As the mystical images faded out he had another vision and found himself at the bedside of a sick woman, fifty-five years of age—by the name of Marie Louise Serrus—who for seventeen years had lived on a single cup of milk and a little water, taken each day without other nourishment of any kind. The residence of the invalid woman was indicated, and on inquiry the facts and statements concerning her were all strictly verified. The spirits tell them they can not produce effects visible within the material sphere without the aid of human mediums; that the images at Poix were produced by the combination of fluids of discarnated spirits and incarnate beings, five in number, of which Marie Louise Serrus was one.

The invisible powers also affirm that a superior Spirit has been incarnated, and that towards the year 1890-91 there will be produced, with his aid, such remarkable phenomena that no one will be able to deny Spiritist truths. The time of this event is said to be indicated by the three rows of figures—the three sixes making eighteen years, when, it is said, we shall witness the fulfillment of the following prophecy of Joel:

“And it shall come to pass afterward—I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions; and also upon the servants and upon the handmaids in those days will I pour out my spirit.”

SPIRITS OF HEALTH.

WE have also accounts in the French journals of remarkable cures by spiritual agency, in cases of Consumption, Small-Pox and other diseases. Magnetized water and magnetism otherwise applied were prescribed and used with great success in Consumption. The cases seem to be well authenticated by the physician in attendance,

who though disbelieving superintended the treatment until the cure was complete, when he was convinced in spite of himself. Cases of Small-Pox are said to have been cured, leaving no mark on the patient. The treatment was magnetism and fumigations, two or three times a day, with juniper berries, the patient also drinking an infusion of the same.

A gentleman who had recovered under other treatment, but was terribly disfigured, is said to have resorted to the fumigations with marvelous results, the marks having been entirely obliterated from his countenance. His physician was at first disposed to laugh at the folly of the experiment, but after a few days' trial he became serious and said he should report the case to the Medical College. The Spirits also recommend the juniper fumigations in exposed and infected houses as a means of preventing the spread of contagion.

INSPIRATION OF THE WATERS.

IF there are sermons in stones and running brooks, why may there not be Spirit-pictures and mystical revelations in the water for those who can read them? It is said that certain mediums in France see pictorial representations of what is occurring at a distance, by looking in a glass of water, and that, in like manner, they receive messages in what appear to be written characters seen in the liquid element.

We remember to have witnessed an instance of reading in the *ashes* that was not less remarkable. We had committed some manuscript to the fire, which consisted of an open grate of glowing anthracite. The combustion of the paper, which occupied but a moment, left the ashes in a sort of scroll-like form on the coals. A member of our own family entered the apartment, *nearly half an hour after*, and seated herself before the fire. There was not of course the slightest visible trace of a single character in the ashes; but while the lady was gazing at the gossamer remains of the manuscript she suddenly became clairvoyant and read what had been written on the paper.

These curious mental phenomena are doubtless *subjective*. When Spirits are employed in their production, they unquestionably make these impressions directly on the sensorium, but in such a manner that they appear to be objective forms or outstanding realities.

SPIRITISM IN FRANCE.—The influence of the executive power of the soul directed by intelligence, or as the French Spiritists have it, the action of the *périsprit*—the semi-spiritual organic envelope of the inmost being—on what they term the *périspritaltic* fluid in man, is the subject of much curious inquiry and discussion as will appear from Mrs. Wood's translation of an article from the *Revue Spirite*, which will be found in this number of the *QUARTERLY*. The Spirits at Geneva, Pesth and elsewhere in Europe seem to be moved in a similar direction, and are taking part in the controversy. The great Swedish Seer, whose mental vision was not limited by his time, taught similar ideas one hundred years ago.

THE MENTAL TELEGRAPH.—The transmission of thought through the exercise of strong psychological powers, brought to bear on human instruments of great susceptibility, is a subject that is beginning to excite attention abroad. A foreign writer referring to this species of Telegraphy says: "Like the echos reflected by the waves of sound it will traverse space to find the friendly and sympathetic mind ready to receive it." More than twenty years ago the Editor of this *JOURNAL* gave numerous experimental illustrations of this power of the mind before large assemblies at old Clinton Hall in this city, and to the satisfaction of the most critical observers.

OUR PORTRAITS.

WE have fine India Proof Impressions of the elegant portraits of **REV. JOHN PIERPONT** and **DANIEL D. HOME**, printed on large sheets for framing, at One Dollar each; and Plain Proofs, the same size, at Fifty Cents. These were engraved expressly for this *JOURNAL*, and we believe that there are extant no similar portraits of either of the parties. The pictures merit attention as vivid likenesses, and as works of Art. Among Spiritualists, Reformers, and all people of free religious views the name of Pierpont is a household word. The fame of Mr. Home as a medium, and his remarkable career in the Old World, have made his name familiar in all nations. These portraits will be sent, post-paid, to any post-office in the United States on receipt of the price named for each style respectively.

Authors and Books.

AT OUR BEST.*

THE excellent biographical sketch of REV. JOHN PIERPONT—in the last number of the JOURNAL—served to introduce Mr. Ellis to our readers, and to give them some idea of his ability as a writer. The author is a Universalist minister, but we are happy to say that he does not *belong* to any denomination. Such men are never the property of sects. Moreover, it is left to inferior natures to feed their souls on commentaries and to bury themselves in the graves of the fathers. Mr. Ellis is an earnest man and a true Reformer, who studies Nature and the Soul as well as history and theology. With ballast in proportion to sail, and a moral equipoise that is something to be admired, the currents of feeling, thought, and life together

“—— run glittering, like a brook
In the sunshine.——”

His culture is too general, his growth too natural, and his sympathies too broad and spontaneous to admit of the recognition of arbitrary masters. Men of this stamp neither require artificial restraints nor supports. They never swear by conventions, and only accept pen-and-ink certificates of ordination at a discount that destroys their currency. They are in spiritual communion with all who love Truth and Man. While the average theologian runs about with a penny-candle in his hand, looking after small ideas in dark places, these men know that the sun has risen and all things are revealed. They may seem to stand alone, but like the old Prophet they are in the majority if in sublime fellowship with God and his angels.

Mr. Ellis approaches his theme at once and treats it with directness and force. He sees things clearly and expresses his views in a

* “At Our Best. By Sumner Ellis. Boston: Lee and Shepard. New York: Lee, Shepard and Dillingham, 1873.”

terse and epigrammatic style. Even children may understand him, and no person of ordinary intelligence can possibly misapprehend his meaning. He never uses words to disguise his thoughts, and the reader readily comprehends his book without referring to the dictionary. His sentences are clear, sharp, and often eloquent. They remind us of precious stones—of many shapes and hues—that never derive their chief value from the skill of the lapidary. He does not suggest to us the silent depths of fathomless seas and empyrean heights that excite astonishment and discourage aspiration. On the contrary, the varying and sparkling current of his thought—always pure and musical—reminds us rather of

“——crispèd brooks,
Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold.”

If the following are not perfect portraits of the Practical Man and the Visionary, they are at least clever sketches by a limner who indicates his ability to draw and color a picture, with every line, light, shade and semitone, necessary to render it complete and effective :

“The practical man misses a thousand finer graces from Nature, but perpetually delights in the economies there displayed ; that the means are so sure to the end ; that so much is accomplished with so little fuss ; and that the machinery is always well oiled. He sees what a fine scavenger the ocean is, coming up twice a day to the back doors of the cities and carting off, in a deodorizing brine, all filthy offenses. He can not too much dwell on the fact that water is so variously and widely useful—that it is good to drink, to have our hands clean, to run saw-mills, to make roads of perfect grade from inland to sea, to float clippers and steamers like shuttles between continents, and to save an army with watering-pots in our gardens and meadows. He thinks how many candles the sun dispenses with, and regards the night as very needful to the hired men and spent horses and oxen—reminding one of the calculating Yankee who thought Niagara a fine place to wash sheep. Of this man it may be said, as of Wordsworth’s Peter Bell,—

‘The soft blue sky did never melt
Into his heart ; he never felt
The witchery of the soft blue sky.’

“But here is our visionary on whose stomach everything practical lies hard as not meant for it, and who is under some constitutional bias toward ‘airy nothings.’ He sees forests as the home of nymphs ; is a devotee of alchemy and astrology, to which chemistry and astronomy are as a farthing-candle to the sun ; dreams dreams like an ancient divinator, and the more romantic they are, the more they are confided

in ; in short he regards all things as what they are not. The humor of his eye, or his visual sensibility, unlike the practical man's, plays fantastical tricks and clothes the Universe in miraculous forms and hues. To him there are no fairy stories, for these are his truths ; he questions no myths ; he sees chariots and horses, with marvelous trains rushing through every sky, on all sorts of strange errands. What are the old plain truths and the verdicts of exact science, in his estimate, compared with those which are rapped out by spirits and established by the wild dance of tables ! Where is there integrity like that of a hazel stick, or wisdom so wise and so much to the point as that which is found at the bottom of a teacup ! "

Occasionally we pick up a book by some ambitious author whose linguistical lumber suggests the ruins of Babel—whose special learning and general ignorance are truly appalling. But in the work under review we are not left to seek the evidences of the author's scholastic acquirements in a "confusion of tongues," and among the fragments of Cyclopedias he has demolished and devoured. On the contrary, we here find the most convincing proofs of careful reading, fine culture and scholarly attainments in the independence and maturity of thought ; in the clearness of every statement of his ideas ; and in the healthy sentiment, fine tone and manly vigor of expression which characterize the volume. When one is made of fine stuff the most trying experiences in life only serve to refine and ennoble the whole nature, even as gems of purest water acquire a higher luster by the severest friction among grosser objects and elements. When the spirit is really quickened we can neither become soured with the world nor lose our faith in God and man. We wake from the Sahara of our sensuous life to find the mind full of living springs, and life clothed with perennial freshness. Of the truth of all this the book we are reviewing is a pleasant illustration. We extract another passage :

"It was the morning sun that daily awoke Memnon's statue to music ; and the old fable has an ever new application, for still the rosy dawn of the day inspires song, and any advent of beauty and grace has a kindred value. Who does not find fresh air favorable to buoyancy of spirits ? An open window is often the means of more grace and better prayers,—which led an impious preacher of our time to exclaim that the 'Holy Ghost is nothing but oxygen.' The celebrated landscape painter, Claude, filled his eye with new beauty and his soul with fresh emotion every time he visited Nature, and hastened back to his canvas to transfix the vision and glow ; and I suppose all hearts answer back to the hills and valleys, have other and higher emotions when face to face with them, which is the reason, no doubt, that the ancients thought there must be finer presences here,—divinities, muses, nymphs,

and genii,—and that poets and philosophers and sages should come out from the stifled air of cities, and write and teach in groves.

“There is certainly no better fortune than to be set into close union with Nature, and yield our life lovingly to her charged batteries. There is grace for us in her breath. Gardens and grassplots serve well to stir the gentler and finer feelings which befit our every-day needs; and our suburbans have an untold advantage over our city populations. But the shovel and hoe and rake can not make the earth grand and moving. Our hearts crave the rough and untamed world, to draw on their latent energies and strong emotions. What stirs us like the mountains, Niagara, the prairie, the ocean, and the midnight heavens? What sets us at our best like the solitudes of forest and lake? as if a better genius took charge of us and gave us other and higher secrets. And we must not neglect these wild favors, and only sip at the honey-dew on the hedges and flowers at our front doors.”

Our author is not only a true lover and reverent student of Nature—in sympathy with her subtle principles and universal laws,—but he intuitively perceives the best uses of things, and analyzes the mental and moral characteristics of men and measures with modest freedom and remarkable ability. He is not wanting in imagination, but he takes such practical views of the world and of our duties and pursuits as must inspire serious thought, and cause the young man to pause at the threshold of life to consider its responsibilities. And here we are tempted to copy another paragraph. Treating of the follies of the household—the evils that result from false pride and the dominion of custom and fashion, the author says:

“But the prime dragon is extravagance. The cost of the home is an insanity. Who but the sons of Midas may venture, in these times, to plant the roof-tree that draws gold so freely into its circulations? The young man’s fears—the young woman’s also—are founded on mathematics, and from that point of view are quite justifiable; and it is essential either to cancel the faculty that adds and subtracts, or to drop out the moral sense, which is fatal, or to change the character of the problem. Jacob is well enough, and Janette is divine; but how about the costly *et cetera*,—the high rents, latest styles of furniture, up-town dry-goods, Paris fashions, Saratoga and Newport hotel bills, trips to Europe, opera tickets, turn-outs, servants and subalterns, parties and dinners? Here is the rub. This is the lion’s den, or the bottomless pit. Through all the ranks from low to high, there is the same unhappy discrepancy of income and outgo; ugly margins beyond the most favorable figures; chasms to leap that are fearfully suggestive of the bottom of the ditch. How to sail the domestic craft on this high sea without wind? is the question. . . . How to hoodwink and cheat fortune? In short how to make one dollar play the part of ten or twenty, according to the scale proposed for the display.

“It is clear the odds are the wrong way; and hence recoil, a cautious courtship,

a half love, a long delay, and finally no home; the promising cloud ending in a dry shower. And still no signs of retrenchment, or only of that which our politicians make by increasing expenses; no reform but that of our sots, who add more cups and delirium tremens! Still the ghost of arithmetic stalks abroad, and our young folks turn pale and retreat! We wait the advent of a new idea of life." . . (pp. 217-18.)

Should this book fall into the hands of people whose affections are so far corrupted and *inverted* that they imagine progress to consist in apostatical changes, it is to be hoped they may profit by its gentle reproofs and sound morality. "At Our Best" will be especially acceptable to those whose Spiritualism at all consists in spirituality of mind and life. Independent in thought; chaste in diction and pure in sentiment; with no trace of morbid feeling or irreverence; free from intolerance and dogmatism; inculcating a philosophy of life that recognizes the law of progress and the divinity in man; and, withal, illuminated by a Charity genial and universal as summer sunshine, this book presents very strong claims to public notice, and we trust that our readers will lose no time in making themselves familiar with its contents.



TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.*

THIS collection forms a small but beautiful volume of about 150 pages 12mo, printed on fine tinted paper, in the best style of typographical art, and elegantly bound with a frontispiece illustration. These "Tales of a Wayside Inn" are told as only a natural poet, a classical scholar, and accomplished artist could narrate them—in simple, chaste and natural words that become flexible and mildly incandescent in the author's use of them. The very parts of speech seem to fuse and flow around and over his fair conceptions, until the poet's thoughts shine through the clear elements of their setting as pearls beneath a crystal flood. Genius touches and transmutes the substance of common things. Mr. Longfellow lays his hand on the objects we meet by the wayside, and scarcely notice,

* "Aftermath, by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Boston: James R. Osgood and Company."

and he interprets the impressions of our daily life, and all these become significant and beautiful. His words often quicken our aspirations and inspire our faith in the inward and absolute Perfection. If he touches our griefs, he here and there softens the lines of a sad experience, or illuminates the shadows that darken the mind, as the solar rays falling on summer clouds convert them into golden glories.

The poet's pen is scarcely less potent than the pencil of the artist, in the delineation of outward objects, while it is vastly more effective in the expression of ideas. The painter may possibly, under some circumstances, reach a larger class and, in a greater or less degree, inspire them with pleasurable emotions, for the simple reason that he addresses the mind through the outward sense; but to the cultivated imagination the word-picture may be equally attractive and far more suggestive. The author, who is at once master of his subject, and of the language in which he writes, draws the outlines of his conception, blends his colors and disposes of his lights and shadows with nice discrimination and artistic skill, and hence the true poet is a real painter.

Mr. Longfellow's pictures are susceptible of being put upon canvas, but they need no paint to make them visible or to give us a clearer idea of their peculiar merits. His pictures are seldom incomplete and his images never abruptly broken by the caprice of his muse. Whether he essays to describe material forms of Nature and Art, or introduces beings and scenes that are beyond the limits of ordinary vision, his fine esthetic sense, and clear discrimination in the use of terms and ideas; his accurate knowledge of the laws of language and critical recognition of the rules of versification, are revealed in every line. The felicities of thought and expression are so sweetly wedded in his verse that they move together like rippling melodies in the air. We need not search for passages of rare merit as illustrations, but will quote the first lines in the book, from the Prelude to "The Spanish Jew's Tale."

"The evening came; the golden vane
A moment in the sunset glanced,
Then darkened, and then gleamed again,
As from the east the moon advanced
And touched it with a softer light;
While underneath, with flowing mane,
Upon the sign the Red Horse pranced,
And galloped forth into the night.

But brighter than the afternoon
 That followed the dark day of rain,
 And brighter than the golden vane
 That glistened in the rising moon,
 Within the ruddy firelight gleamed.

* * * *

Amid the hospitable glow,
 Like an old actor on the stage,
 With the uncertain voice of age,
 The singing chimney chanted low
 The homely songs of long ago.

The voice that Ossian heard of yore,
 When midnight winds were in his hall;
 A ghastly and appealing call,
 A sound of days that are no more!
 And dark as Ossian sat the Jew,
 And listened to the sound, and knew
 The passing of the airy hosts,
 The gray and misty cloud of ghosts
 In their interminable flight;
 And listening muttered in his beard,
 With accent indistinct and weird,
 'Who are ye, children of the Night?'

The volume embraces *The Spanish Jew's Stories*; *Tales by the Poet, the Student, the Theologian, the Sicilian, the Musician, and the Landlord's Story—The Rhyme of Sir Christopher*. Doubtless many of our readers are already familiar—at least in part—with the contents of *Aftermath*, and we have neither the time for critical analysis nor the space for an extended review. We will only attempt to give some idea of these charming stories by the translation of one of them into the language of common prose.

In the schools at the court of Charlemagne was Eginhard, an adventurous youth, endowed with rare powers which the Abbot of St. Michael's ascribed to the presence and influence of a demon, while his more reverent teacher attributed his superior gifts to "the grace of God." Recognizing the ability of the noble youth the Emperor employed him as his private secretary, and resolved to educate him in the science and art of government. The modest scribe became a favorite at court and an inmate of the palace, but lived a somewhat

retired life among his books, pursuing the course of study marked out by his imperial master.

The Princess Emma, daughter of the Emperor, returned from a convent to the palace. Her name and the praises of her loveliness had been chanted by the minstrels in the hearing of Eginhard ; and when he saw her graceful form enter the palace gate, guarded by gallant knights, his imagination was inspired and his heart was touched. When he afterward met her in the garden among the flowers she yielded to the magnetism of his presence, and at her gentle solicitation he explained the mystery and meaning of the rose to be Youth and Love. And then, to prolong the delightful interview, Eginhard thus pursued the advantage he had gained :

“ How can I tell the signals and the signs
By which one heart another heart divines ?
How can I tell the many thousand ways
By which it keeps the secret it betrays ? ”

From that time the fair Princess lost interest in the attentions of many a loyal knight and gallant Troubadour. The dazzling splendors of court-life were far less attractive than the sweet mystery of love. And when the summer days had passed, and the flowers withered, the cold autumn winds forbade the repetition of the lessons in the garden, and the stolen interviews at twilight in the park were few and brief. Then Eginhard was wont, at evening, to watch from his window the light in the tower occupied by his lady-love. His passion was not chilled by separation and the long winter nights. It burned with a smothered but unquenchable flame. At length one night, under cover of darkness, he made his way to the tower. The device of a feigned message from the Emperor was scarcely necessary to secure an entrance, where love waited to unbar the door. When in the presence of the Lady,

“ He knelt down at her feet, until she laid
Her hand upon him, like a naked blade,
And whispered in his ear : Arise, Sir Knight,
To my heart's level, O my heart's delight ! ”

Naturally enough Eginhard remained there until he heard the cock crow. Thus admonished that the day was near he was about to depart, when the lovers discovered that the open court that Eginhard

must cross was covered with snow, white as the imperial ermine,
while the soft revealing light of the moon shone out,

“——from cloudy cloisters of the sky.”

The secretary found himself in an unexpected dilemma. He knew that his footprints, in the otherwise trackless snow, would discover the mischief; but the inventive genius of the Princess was equal to the emergency. Taking her lover on her shoulders she bore him across the palace court-yard and then speedily retraced her steps. It chanced that Charlemagne—oppressed by the cares of the empire—had risen early and was standing by the window, musing on the scene without or lost in the troubled dreams of his waking life.

“The moon lit up the gables capped with snow,
And the white roofs, and half the court below.”

As the fair form crossed the space where the moonlight fell he recognized his daughter Emma. He was transfixed by sudden surprise, and remained silent and statue-like until the sun appeared,

“Suffusing with a soft and golden glow
All the dead landscape in its shroud of snow,
Touching with flame the tapering chapel spires,
Windows and roofs, and smoke of household fires,
And kindling park and palace as he came;
The stork's nest on the chimney seemed in flame.”

The generous purpose of the Emperor was formed at once; but in the morning he summoned the members of his court and made known the adventure of the previous night. The council was divided between banishment and death as the proper penalty for Eginhard's offense; but the wise ruler reviewed and reversed the decision. He mildly reproved his counselors for the severity of their judgment, and

“Then Eginhard was summoned to the hall,
And entered, and in presence of them all,
The Emperor said: My son, for thou to me
Hast been a son, and evermore shalt be,

Long hast thou served thy sovereign, and thy zeal
 Pleads to me with importunate appeal,
 While I have been forgetful to requite
 Thy service and affection as was right.

* * * * *

Then sprang the portals of the chamber wide,
 And Princess Emma entered, in the pride
 Of birth and beauty, that in part o'ercame
 The conscious terror and the blush of shame,
 And the good Emperor rose up from his throne
 And taking her white hand within his own
 Placed it in Eginhard's, and said : ' My son,
 This is the gift thy constant zeal hath won ;
 Thus I repay the royal debt I owe,
 And cover up the footprints in the snow.' "

It may be said that these poems lack the strong fire and impressive movement of some of the author's earlier productions. But if the intense heat and fiery brilliance of midday life and feeling are not here, we have what is far more pleasing to the mind refined by severe culture and a long experience—the exquisite delicacy and fulness of esthetic development, a ripper judgment, and a more skillful manipulation as seen in the finest touches of a master's hand. These are the mellow fruits of a golden Autumn, not to be viewed in the strong light of the Summer noontide since the author himself draws the soft veil of the Indian Summer over his finished work.



DR. SEXTON AND SPIRITUALISM.*

WE are indebted to the Author or his Publisher for copies of recent lectures and addresses, in pamphlet form, and bearing the several titles embraced in the subjoined note. In the first Dr. Sexton gives an interesting account of his preliminary investigation of

* "How I became a Spiritualist." "The claims of Modern Spiritualism upon public attention." "Spirit Mediums and Conjurors." "God and Immortality viewed in the light of Modern Spiritualism," by George Sexton, M.A., LL.D., F.A.S., F.Z.S., Honorary Member of L'Accademia Dei Quiriti, at Rome.—Four Pamphlets from the press of James Burns, 15 Southampton Row, Holborn, W. C., London, England, 1873.

the phenomena and laws of mind as developed in the magnetic states of the human system. Of both the physiological and psychological facts he was a careful observer for several years without in the least apprehending their relations to Spiritualism. He was firm in his unbelief, but like a true scientist admitted the essential facts, in which he may have discovered a significant confirmation of his faith in another life. Beyond this the phenomena did not, in his judgment, demonstrate the possession and exercise of any powers above the capacity of the mind's action in its mundane relations. The following extract will serve to indicate not only the nature of his skepticism, but also the particular persons, the way, and the circumstances that finally led to his conversion :

"It was about the year 1854 when he [Robert Owen] came to me one day, bringing a large parcel of books. These he asked me to read. I replied, 'Well, Mr. Owen, it will take some time to read all those; what are they about?' He answered, 'Spiritualism.' I said, 'Yes, I'll read them; but what's the use of my doing so? I sha'n't believe in that sort of stuff.' 'Never mind,' he said, 'you will read them, won't you? The result we will leave.' I told him that I would, but that it was very improbable that they would produce any effect upon my mind. As he was leaving, I said, 'Mr. Owen, tell me why you have brought me these books.' He replied, 'I will. It is this. I have received a communication from the Spirit World, more than once, that you are to be of great assistance in carrying on this movement.' I laughed heartily, although respectfully, at this, and said, 'I think your spirit-friends have made a great mistake this time.' It is worth while remarking here, that for many years afterwards, when I was lecturing against Spiritualism, I used frequently to relate this conversation, and remark when I had done so, 'You see how much the spirits knew about the matter; here I am, an unbeliever yet, and likely to remain so.' That the good old man continued to believe in my ultimate conversion, even after he had left the earth, is evident, since I frequently received what professed to be messages from him, to which of course I attached no importance, not believing that they really had this origin. The following one was given at Glasgow, early in 1869, the medium being my friend Mr. Harper, of Birmingham :

" 'Dr. Sexton thinks our philosophy a crude ridiculous theory—simply the want of more investigation. Every one of the thoroughly educated scientists needs to be well crowded with experiments and evidence. George Combe saw how powerfully the rudimental stages of human embryology are affected by spiritual influence, and how, too, the compound causes of human character are evidently of an occult and esoteric nature. Sweet and noble teachings have yet to be given through the Doctor, who is eminently gifted for the purpose.'—ROBERT OWEN."

Mindful of his promise to Mr. Owen, Dr. Sexton read the books on

Spiritualism and continued to make his observations. But his preconceived idea of the solemn dignity and almost omniscient wisdom that should characterize the manifestations of intelligence and power from another world served to foster his skepticism, and for a long time caused him to regard the phenomena as puerile and otherwise unworthy of their reputed source. Some years after, in his journal devoted to the drama—entitled *The Players*—he treated the subject in a melodramatic style as illustrated by the following passage :

“ Just where we had, in the plenitude of our scientific wisdom, made up our minds that there were no such things as ghosts, and that their supposed appearances in bygone days must be ascribed to the ignorance of our forefathers, and could all be explained on some philosophic principle of spectral illusions,—back they all come in perfect mobs. They fly about our ears, they dance on our plates, they seize hold of our hands and make us write what they please, they pelt one another with our slippers, crush up our hats, compel our tables to dance jigs to unearthly music, and indoctrinate our chairs with abolition principles, telling them that they should be no man’s property, and may walk off about their business without permission. Some lines that I came across in an American book seemed to me to be most appropriate to address to these spirits :—

“ ‘ If in your new estate you can not rest,
But must return, oh, grant us this request :
Come with a noble and celestial air,
And prove your title to the name you bear ;
Give us some token of your heavenly birth,
Write as good English as you wrote on earth ;
And—what were once superfluous to advise—
Don’t tell, I beg you, such egregious lies.’ ”

Dr. Sexton’s approach to the Spiritual Temple was over the road that many of the ablest defenders of our cause have traveled. A careful study of the so-called abnormal states of the human system ; the facts of Animal Magnetism ; the psychological phenomena of sleep, whether occurring from natural exhaustion or induced by an artificial process, not only prepares the mind to recognize the just claims of Spiritualism, but qualifies the philosophical inquirer to comprehend its profound principles.

It was no false prophecy that came to the strong man to shake his confidence in a life-long conviction. Resting in the easy chair of a scientific skepticism he did not care to be disturbed by ghostly visit-

ors. But the spirits knew what they were about, and Robert Owen was not mistaken in his man. In 1865—when the accumulated evidence had so far unsettled his previous opinions as to dispose his mind to respectful if not reverent inquiry—the invisibles invaded his domestic circle. In his own home there could be nothing to excite a suspicion of possible deception ; and here the evidences multiplied until the learned Doctor was forced to capitulate. Dr. Sexton is too honest and earnest a man to hold the truth either covertly or carelessly. When fairly convinced he at once “put on the whole armor of light” and with the sharp “sword of the spirit” went forth to battle against the powers of darkness. The following extract will suffice to indicate his present views of the true nature of Spiritualism and his faith in its final triumph :

“These glorious revelations have shown me, by the most accurate demonstration, not only that there is another world to which we are all hastening, but that the two worlds are largely intermingled with each other. As Longfellow very beautifully says :

“Some men there are, I have known such, who think
That the two worlds—the seen and the unseen ;
The world of matter, and the world of spirit—
Are like the hemispheres upon our maps,
And touch each other only at a point ;
But these two worlds are not divided thus,
Save for the purpose of common speech ;
They form one globe, in which the parted seas
All flow together, and are intermingled,
While the great continents remain distinct.”

“Spiritualism every day widens its domain, and the ground of the materialistic philosophy is gradually being cut away from under the feet of its devotees. The small light which, a few years ago, was only like a star of the fourth or fifth magnitude, has gone on increasing in brightness, until at present it shines like the moon shedding her silvery beams over the face of night, and will still increase as we hail its approach, and ever move upward towards it, until it shall burst upon the earth like the sun in its meridian splendor, and all shall come to feel that they have a home in heaven and a loving Father in God.”

The author discusses “The Claims of Modern Spiritualism upon Public Attention” in its relations to science, philosophy, the future life, sociology and morals, in a lucid and vigorous manner. In his

third pamphlet he illustrates the subject of mediumship by numerous references to facts and persons—making proper distinctions founded on the fundamental differences between the genuine phenomena and the tricks of the conjurers. He manifests a supreme reverence for truth, but has no respect for shams. He walks firmly into the great masquerade of the opposition, where his presence naturally occasions a sensation. He steps on the toes of fashionable conservatism, and disarranges the broad phylacteries of the saints; he damages the sacred stereotypes, brushes away the flimsy covering from sophistry, rends the hypocrite's mantle, and strikes off the mask of cunning imposture in a way that is at once rather dramatic and highly instructive.

In the discourse last named—in the note at the beginning of this review—the author illustrates the folly of Atheism, and reasons very cogently against the materialism that denies the future life of Man. After referring to the triumphs of Spiritualism, in the conversion of such men as Robert Owen, Dr. Ashburner, Dr. Elliotson and Robert Dale Owen, he proceeds to contrast the opposite conditions of those who deny and those who accept the great truth of our immortality. The following picture is not overdrawn :

“The believer in annihilation must be a pitiable object sitting at the death-bed of his wife or daughter. He beholds the last flickering of the lamp of life, and sees his loved one fading away before his eyes—all that upon which his affections are placed is passing from hence into oblivion, to be seen no more—going, in fact, into nothingness, similar to that which existed before birth—

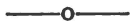
“‘The dead and the unborn are both the same,
We all to nothing go—from nothing came.’

His heart-strings are wrung with grief. He clasps the dying one to his bosom; but she is not conscious of his embrace. He presses hot kisses upon her cheeks, which are cold as marble now; he looks into her eyes; all light has faded from them, and they see no more; every trace of expression has gone from her features, and there is nothing left but the clay-cold corpse. His brain is maddened with grief; he is alone in the world. There is a vacancy in his heart which can never again be filled. Black clouds hover around him, and a blacker abyss still is behind the clouds. There is dark midnight, with never a star. All beauty has passed from earth. The deep gloom is terrible to contemplate. Where is consolation to be found? Alas! nowhere. Science says the thing was inevitable, philosophy prates about controlling one's feelings, and being a man—pshaw! 'tis because he is a man that he feels the grief so keenly. And how is he to be consoled? Why,

his loved one, who is gone, will come up again in violets and primroses and beautiful flowers ! Is this consolation for a broken-hearted man ? I tell you 'tis the veriest mockery that has ever been heard of. Science, philosophy, secularism—all are powerless in such cases ; they can not remove the load of grief that weighs the sufferer down. If he goes into the darkness, the gloom harmonizes with his feelings, and makes his sorrow the deeper ; if he walks in the sunshine, the brightness appears to mock his sufferings. Birds sing not to cheer him, but to taunt him with their merry-making, and to draw attention to the contrast between themselves and him ; and flowers bloom but to make light of his grief. No hope, no consolation can there be ; for is not all that he cared for on earth gone, and no power can bring it back again.

“ What could Spiritualism have done here ?—Told him that his loved one was not dead, but living even more perfectly than before—that the lump of clay that had been her earthly covering was but the outer garment of the real person on whom his affections had been fixed, and that she could do even better without it—that she was still as near to him as ever, and loved him as well as ever, or even better than before—that she would care for him, be with him and watch over him still, and that, in fact, there was no separation impending. Here is real consolation worth, in such a case, the wealth of Croesus.”

Dr. Sexton appears to be exerting a wide and powerful influence in behalf of Spiritualism in England. He reaches a large and intelligent class to shake their skepticism or to confirm their faith. It gives us great pleasure to introduce the Doctor to our readers as a contributor to the JOURNAL. His first article, prepared for these pages, will be found elsewhere in this number.



GOLDEN MEMORIES.*

SOME men outlive the period of their usefulness and at last die unregretted. This is more especially true of those frigid natures in whom truth and duty are held in subordination by the more superficial pursuits and interests of time and sense. Others there are who withdraw from our sphere of observation suddenly, and while young. Their speedy transit is often a bitter experience for those who remain, recalling the expressive words of the poet—

* Golden Memories of an Earnest Life ; a Biography of A. B. Whiting, with Selections from his Writings. Compiled by his Sister, R. Augusta Whiting : Introduction by J. M. Peebles. Boston : Colby & Rich.

“ — The good die first,
While they whose hearts are dry as summer dust
Burn to the socket.”

Mr. A. B. Whiting had not reached that period when the strongest natures are matured. Time had not chilled his blood, nor too long contact with the world blunted his sensibilities. He had only lived to the age of thirty-six years when his aspiring nature broke from its frail, mortal fastenings and achieved the liberty of immortality.

Mr. J. M. Peebles, in his introduction to the volume before us, writes of Mr. Whiting in terms dictated by an ardent admiration of his gifts and inspired by a warm personal friendship. We extract a passage in substance and condensed in form :

“ The blood of a noble ancestry flowed in his veins. He was born a seer. In childhood he was regarded as strange because he saw and conversed with angels. This early clairvoyance had much to do in shaping his life. It was to him a light from heaven. Immortal teachers prophesied a career of great usefulness before him. He loved to retire from the presence of his visible companions ; but the apparent solitude was peopled by celestial visitants and he was never alone.

“ In 1856 he commenced his public labors as a trance speaker and soon became a popular lecturer, especially throughout the Western States. His discourses exhibited no little knowledge of ecclesiastical history and the progress of civilization. The intelligence that appeared to control his mental faculties and bodily organs claimed to be Giovanni Farini, an Italian poet and Cardinal who lived early in the seventeenth century. Another ministering spirit, who gave his name as Ab-del-Murett-el-Zuleke, usually called himself ‘ the old man of the mountains,’ This eccentric sage entered on the higher life early in the twelfth century. When under his influence the medium was transfigured and became truly a prophet.”

Mr. Whiting combined many of the elements of a true Reformer. He was not wanting in moral courage ; he was deeply religious in a rational sense ; and he manifested the skepticism that weighs and analyzes. His lectures exhibited remarkable earnestness of purpose and great freedom of thought and expression. They were otherwise characterized by a humane spirit and the prevailing moral tone was unexceptionable. His public efforts were by no means free from the ordinary defects which we discover in the utterances of most of our inspired speakers. The evidences of high culture are seldom visible. The style is often florid and weakened by a too frequent use of qualifying terms, the logic feeble and the rhetoric defective.

In 1864 Mr. Whiting excited the apprehensions of many of his

friends by the views he expressed before the convention at Chicago and elsewhere. It was believed that, in spirit, he was enlisted in the cause of the Confederate States. It appears that he did not attempt to conceal the fact—rendered still more apparent by this biography—that his sympathies were with the “Lost Cause.” That he was sincere in his convictions and conscientious in the course he pursued, few who knew him will be inclined to doubt. No one will be disposed to entertain the idea that he was essentially wrong at heart; many may regret that his judgment was sadly warped and deeply eclipsed; but we may be justified in the conclusion, that the objectionable opinions he expressed were rather those of the spirits that inspired him than his own.

The book is an unstudied record of the spiritual experience and public labors of an earnest man, who thought more of the sources of his inspiration than of his own individuality. We are not disposed to judge of the compiler's work by any very rigid rules of criticism. It shows but little evidence of literary art in the choice of materials and the arrangement of its contents. But we prefer to regard it as a sister's loving tribute to her worthy brother. In the minds of many readers, the familiarity of the treatment will be an element of interest in the narrative.

Some ninety pages of the concluding portion of the book are occupied by his improvizations, which reveal the author's sympathy with Nature and the nobler affections of the mind. They are not without the warmth of poetic feeling, though as a rule they exhibit but feeble proofs of the subtle and grasping power of genius. It will be remembered that his chief inspiring spirit assumes to be an Italian poet of the seventeenth century. The Italians—with the exception of here and there an example in other countries—have been most distinguished for extemporaneous composition in verse; but not one of them ever exhibited the power of imagination, the mine of brilliant imagery, and the magnificent reach and originality of thought that are combined in the improvised poems of Thomas L. Harris. Mr. Whiting's claims will not suffer in comparison with those of the Italian *improvisatores*. Here and there are passages of real merit; at the same time the skill of the artist is not apparent in the composition of his verses, and we discover only occasional flashes of Promethean fire. The volume is embellished with a fine portrait of Mr. Whiting.

LIFE OF JESUS BY SAUL.*

AMONG the communications purporting to emanate from the Spirit World it must be admitted that the contents of this volume are among the most remarkable. We have not the space for a review and can only notice the book very briefly. It is a personal and particular history of Jesus of Nazareth, and, incidentally, of his most intimate and distinguished associates. The strange story is told by a spirit claiming to be Saul of Tarsus, who represents himself as having been an ambitious aspirant for the distinction of founding a new religion. Becoming acquainted with Jesus; discovering his great natural powers and his gentle and noble spirit; and, withal, observing his growing popularity among the people, he determined to make use of him as an instrument in furthering his own ambitious designs. Saul's plan being formed he employed Judas, who in turn selected one Cosbi—an unscrupulous servant of Glaphira, a sybil—who possessed extraordinary powers of imitation. Cosbi was engaged to personate different characters, and to simulate various forms of disease, and in this species of counterfeiting he was eminently successful. Jesus, at the close of his discourses, was accustomed to lay his hands on the sick, and thus relieve those who were suffering from whatever cause. He claimed no other power than the healing efficacy of his great vital and spiritual magnetism. Cosbi made it his business to appear on each convenient occasion in some new disguise, and as the victim of some terrible malady—sometimes as a helpless cripple, and again as a hopeless lunatic. Whenever Jesus put his hands on this mountebank the latter would appear to be suddenly restored, and in the midst of the excitement occasioned by the seeming miracle, he contrived to disappear without giving the crowd an opportunity of cultivating an intimate acquaintance with his personality.

* JESUS OF NAZARETH; or a true History of the Man called Jesus Christ, embracing his parentage, youth, Original Doctrines and Works, his career as a public Teacher and Physician of the People; also the nature of the Great Conspiracy against him, with all the incidents of his tragical death, given on Spiritual Authority . . . through the Mediumship of Alexander Smyth. Chicago: Religious-Philosophical Publishing House, S. S. Jones.

Jesus is portrayed as a pure, noble and spiritual, but a strictly natural man ; as a radical Reformer who might be expected to arrest the attention and to excite the indignation of the Jewish priesthood. The Apostles are represented as being influenced by motives of worldly ambition, not following their Teacher so much from mingled love and reverence as from an expectation of becoming rulers of provinces when the anticipated temporal kingdom should be established. Judas was one of the best, yet he was the willing servant of the man who headed the conspiracy with the Sanhedrim to procure the arrest, trial and crucifixion of John the Baptist and Jesus. Saul represents his own reported conversion as not real, but merely as a melodramatic scene conceived for a purpose ; also that for his great wickedness he has been wandering, restless and unhappy, through all these intervening centuries, and that the last act in his atonement is a compulsory return to earth to reveal his former character and thus disabuse the world.

The scenery of the country, the customs of the people, the travels of Jesus and his disciples, together with the persons and homes of the Evangelists, are graphically described. The public discourses of the Teacher in the Temple, among the mountains and by the sea ; his familiar conversations with his followers ; his pure and holy passion for Mary, the younger daughter of Lazarus ; his visits to Bethany, and the interviews of the lovers in the garden, when the world was still and the moon shone above Mount Olivet ; with the thrilling scenes before the council of the Sanhedrim ; in Pilate's Judgment Hall ; the discovery of a startling secret at the hour of the crucifixion ; and the mournful pictures, seen by twilight and starlight on Calvary—are all reported in a style that compels the reader to pursue the narrative to the close.

The work contains much that is extremely natural and rational ; in other things we are left to question the internal evidence and balance probabilities. Whatever may be the public verdict respecting the authenticity of its claims it is sure to be read for its intrinsic interest. It will strike the world as something stranger than a fiction.

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